

FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1918

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New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price, with postage added when necessary. Address, REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

THE BEST IN LIFE by Muriel Hine. New York: John Lane Co., \$1.50.

A young girl who wanted the best in life and used every petty deception to secure it, yet in the end jeopardized her happiness for the sake of truth.

JOSEPH PENNELL'S PICTURES OF WAR WORK IN AMERICA. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co., \$2.

Reproductions of a series of lithographs of munition works made by him with the permission and authority of the United States government, with notes and introduction by the artist. Illuminating evidence of what America is doing towards "making the world safe for democracy."

COVERED WITH MUD AND GLORY by Georges Lafond. Boston: Small-Maynard Co., \$1.50.

A series of short narratives giving the life of a company of machine gunners from the day of its formation to the hour it was so decimated it had to be reorganized with men from another corps. Appeared first in the "Petit Parisien." Translated by Edwin Gile Rich, with a preface by Maurice Barrès of the French academy, and including Clemenceau's "Tribute to the Soldiers of France." Illustrated.

BUDDY'S BLIGHTY by Lt. Jack Turner. Boston: Small-Maynard Co., \$1.

Verses reciting the happenings and the emotions, the tragedy and the comedy of soldiering, by a Canadian who took a large part in the war. Portrait frontispiece.

THE AMERICAN YEAR BOOK 1917. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$3.

A complete digest of the events of interest to Americans that have taken place in war, politics, business, science, art and every other field of human endeavor during the past year. The book is divided into thirty-one sections covering hundreds of subjects conveniently arranged with an analytical index for easy reference. Prepared under the supervision of a board composed of accredited representatives of learned and scientific societies, each article being written by an expert on the subject.

SUNSHINE BEGGARS by Sidney McCall. Boston: Little-Brown Co., \$1.50.

How the Bertolottis injected a little Italian art and beauty into a narrow conventional American community. By the author of "Truth Dexter." Illustrated.

THE BIOGRAPHY OF A MILLION DOLLARS by George Kibbe Turner. Boston: Little-Brown Co., \$1.50.

A romance of business. How a poor inventor and an energetic machinist secure the assistance of a capitalist in making a success of an invention; a story of ambition and distrust, of love and hate. Frontispiece.

DEDUCTIONS FROM A WORLD WAR by Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.25.

Written for German consumption, setting forth Germany's aims after the war.

THE MAKING OF A MODERN ARMY by René Radiguet. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, \$1.50.

A study based on the experience of this French general of three years at the front. Of particular interest to young American officers now training for service in France. Translated by Henry D. du Bellet, formerly American consul at Rheims. Indexed and illustrated.

THE IRON RATION by George Abel Schreiner. New York: Harper & Bros., \$2.

Central Europe's war time life in its social and political aggregates, with particular attention paid to the food question.

THE EARTHQUAKE by Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.50.

How the call to service transformed a typical American family, conveying the spirit of the new America created by the war.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY AND ASIATIC CITIZENSHIP by Sidney L. Gulick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$1.75.

A consideration of America's relations with Asia and Asiatics after the war, in view of labor conditions here and there. The author is secretary of the Commission on International Justice and Goodwill. He reviews the legislative treatment of Japanese and Chinese

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immigration and naturalization in the past, outlines a constructive policy for the future, and presents some surprising statistics governing the American-Asiatic problem.

PAST AND PRESENT by Thomas Carlyle. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 75c.

Written in 1843, just after the industrial revolutions in England, the comment is particularly apropos at present. Introduction and notes by Edwin Mims. Indexed. Of the "Modern Student's Library" series.

THE ROAD THAT LED HOME by Will E. Ingersoll. New York: Harper & Bros., \$1.35.

The romance of a young man who went to the Northwest to teach school and met a girl. Frontispiece in colors.

A HISTORY OF THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH by Williston Walker D. D., New York: Scribner's Sons, \$3.

A history of the Christian church from its origin to the present time, its gradual development, the changes which led to the Reformation, the influences which have resulted in the present situation, and modern tendencies. The author is Titus Street professor of ecclesiastical history in Yale University. Maps and index.

STYLE BOOK OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JOURNALISM. Vermillion, S. D.: University of South Dakota bulletin.

This is No. 12 of the University bulletins arranged for the students of the department of journalism and contains rules on the points that most frequently arise to confuse the writer, with special instructions on practical journalistic writing.

BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1917 edited by Edward J. O'Brien. Boston: Small, Maynard Co., \$1.50.

A critical consideration of the American short story as represented in American magazines during the past year, together with a reproduction of twenty of the stories. The volume contains a list of those considered by the editor as worthy of record and a short biography of the authors; a similar list of stories by foreign authors which appeared in American magazines; a list of the volumes of short stories published in 1917; several indices, and the addresses of American publications printing short stories. This book was reviewed by Mr. Reedy in the Mirror of February 8.

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REEDY'S MIRROR

Vol. XXVII. No. 14

ST. LOUIS, FRIDAY, APRIL 5, 1918

PRICE TEN CENTS

REEDY'S MIRROR

SYNDICATE TRUST BUILDING.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, Central 745.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," Reedy's Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

Terms of subscription to Reedy's Mirror, including postage in the United States and Mexico, \$3.00 per year; \$1.60 for six months, in Canada, Central and South America, \$3.50 per year; \$2.10 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries, \$4.00 per year.

Single copies, 10 cents.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order or Registered Letter, payable to Reedy's Mirror, St. Louis.

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Our Year in the War

By William Marion Reedy

WE have been in the war a year. We have done many things but one big thing. We have unified the power against Germany, brought about co-operation in the field, and that as much as anything else stopped the big drive on Paris. Our soldiers are on the battle line and have fought under a French generalissimo's orders. They fight for victory for the cause not for our national glory. They set an example of sacrifice. It may be we have not produced ships and airplanes

in sufficient number and that we should have more men fronting the shock, but those who say so do not surely know what obstacles there were to overcome or to what extent they have been overcome. I shall believe that we have failed in our duty when our co-belligerents say so, not before. What had Great Britain done in a year, with the war at her door?

Another big thing we have done in that one year. We prevented a German peace, which means that we prevented a German victory. But for us, almost inevitably, the allies had consented to negotiation. When we went in, it was made clear that Germany would never get away with her loot. Our participation and our declaration of purpose make sure there shall be no trading upon the basis of the war-made map.

Entering the second year, after unifying the forces opposed to conquest and after clarifying and purifying allied purpose of the ends of the secret treaties, we are now unifying ourselves. We have scotched treason and sedition and now we have hit upon a plan to do away with all disturbances likely to diminish the production of ships and guns and supplies. We are approaching perihelion in contribution to the effort to destroy the Adversary. We are taking our place in the war as the decisive factor moral and physical.

The country is doing its part up to expectation and beyond. The individual who does not his part the same has no claim to any share in the glory or to any part in the merit of the great work of world-salvation. The country is only the individuals who compose it. If any individual shirk or slack, he has no country. The nation can make good its part now only if the individual who cannot fight or otherwise personally serve will loan to the government the money he would otherwise devote to his own uses. The more he sacrifices in order to give, the more sacred his gift becomes. Every man must unify himself with all his fellows for the cause, must lose himself in the cause.

The only way is to buy bonds in the third Liberty Loan.

That's how you can belong to the grand army that is to save the world for the common people from the Superman who claims Almighty God for his valet.

♦♦♦♦

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Germany Faces the End

DESPITE the fact that the news about the big battle in Picardy is presented with palpable coloring to produce a psychological effect of popular confidence in the outcome, the German drive is slowing down, if not definitely exhausted. The objective is not attained. Is it time for our offensive? We may doubt it. So costly would such an offensive be, the allied democracies would not stand for it save as a success. Only an autocracy can wantonly waste men in an attack the result of which is problematical. Therein is the secret of the war as conducted by the allies. They have conserved life by the programme of not attempting to break through. There will not be an offensive by our side until we are so much stronger than we are now that nothing of victory shall be left to chance. We have held the drive, and that is a victory upon which we can rest preparatory to the greater and final triumph. For the drive was Germany's last card. That failing, her Russian gains mean nothing. The allies still holding her, refuse to validate those

treaties on the east. She must win on the west or lose altogether. Fifteen days of assault prove she cannot win. She has lost half a million men as such proof. Before the drive she wanted to talk peace on the strength of her eastern stroke, but there was no response. Now she is weaker than before, her gains are in peril on all fronts, her enemies increase in strength and their morale is heightened by the demonstration that they can hold her and finish her at their leisure. Germany was at the topmost of her power about a week ago. Now she declines. The wheel has come full circle, she is at the place where her doom is decreed to come upon her. Her war lords see the end, but not as they saw it a dozen days ago. All we may expect of them now is fainter feints at aggression punctuating the phraseology of peace palaver. But there can be no German peace.

♦♦

The Industrial Peace

Our industrial peace treaty is good enough as far as it goes, but it is at loose ends. It is little more than a pious self-denying ordinance not signed up by anybody. It won't work until we have the manufacturers and other employers homogeneously organized in one body and the wage-earners organized into another. Then the two bodies can treat with each other, the government sitting in with power to compel the keeping of agreements, as well as acting as an arbitrator between the two on such matters as hours, wages, restriction of output, profits as a wage basis and such matters. This plan, in brief, is the one that has pulled Great Britain through the war industrially. At that, our industrial peace treaty is an advance in the right direction. It must go much farther, however, before we can hope that it will hold balanced the greed of the profiteer and the graft of the walking delegate.

♦♦

Wisconsin is Loyal

MR. LENROOT, Republican, has been elected United States senator from Wisconsin, over Mr. Davies, Democrat, and Mr. Berger, Socialist. Wisconsin is a Republican state. Mr. Lenroot was nominated in spite of the opposition of Senator La Follette. It is plain that the greater number of those who wanted La Follette's candidate nominated remained regular in the election. Then, too, he must have received the votes of many Democrats who would take no chance on voting for Berger. The Socialist polled a heavy vote in spite of his anti-war platform, or perhaps we should say because of that platform. He received a heavy vote in Milwaukee, where the Socialist mayor was re-elected. The returns show that Wisconsin is loyal.

♦♦

Mr. Reed Wants to Know

SENATOR REED demands to be told the President's intentions under the Overman measure authorizing the chief executive to reorganize the whole system of war machinery. Will someone please assure Senator Reed that the President's intentions are honorable? If we want to get action in this war the Overman measure offers a way to get it. Senatorial debate isn't calculated to get action. The war cannot be fought effectively if the Commander-in-Chief of our forces has to wait upon congressional authority for every detail of operation. There is no other way of fighting a war than by concentrating authority. There is no one upon whom the authority can be bestowed other than the President. Time is of the essence of the situation and Senator Reed's attitude is one that makes for waste of time. That Senator Reed is very constitutional in his attitude I

do not doubt, but the constitution is a facility, not an obstruction. Nothing counts for the time being but the winning of the war. And any powers given the President now may be revoked when the war is won. Get on with the war!

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The Way Dictators Come

THAT proposal that we shall have no congressional elections this year is well intended of course. But it won't take with the people. The organic law provides for such elections. They must be held. They should be held in order that the public may have an opportunity to get rid of some congressmen whose course has not been in accord with the patriotic will of the people. All that is desirable in the situation can be accomplished without suspending the constitutional provisions. The people can be depended upon to choose men for office who will support the war, whether Republicans or Democrats. In fact, elections will turn more upon the qualifications of the candidates than upon partisan considerations, and that is as it should be. It is a bad thing to begin shelving the constitution upon plea of emergency. That is the way that dictators come. The war can be won without scrapping our system of government.

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Those Innocent Purchasers

Forty years ago the people of Dallas county voted bonds for a railroad that was never built. Ever since the men who have been elected circuit judges in that county have refused to order a tax levy to pay the interest on those bonds. They have gone to jail rather than do it. The other day a federal judge at Springfield ordered the arrest of circuit judge J. S. Evans for refusal to obey such tax-levy mandate. The jurist will be locked up in the Jackson county jail, if he does not give bond for an appeal. Judge Evans says he stands with the people of the county against the federal court. The people of the county are being robbed. They are being made to pay for something they never received. Certain "innocent purchasers" of the bonds for the railroad that was never built demand their money. That "innocent purchaser" gag has been long ago played out. Certain men who guiltily purchased such bonds for such mythical roads have made fortunes out of the enforcement of just such payments as Judge Evans refuses to sanction. In other counties than Dallas old claims on such bonds have been compromised of late years, but the compromises while confirming law have nevertheless wrought injustice. Finally the innocent purchasers of Dallas county bonds will get their graft, of course, but Judge Evans is to be honored for honoring iniquitous law rather in the breach than in the observance.

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Problems of Housing

MR. NOBLE FOSTER HOGGSON, of *Hoggson's Magazine*, presents elsewhere in this issue the general aspects of the housing problem. In detail that problem suggests a greater problem. After the government has put \$100,000,000 and more into 30,000 houses, setting up new little towns, then what? The corporations will pay back the money of course, and will own the property. How about the dividends thereafter? Will they be limited, and if they are will the occupants of the houses be just a governmentally regimented tenantry? It is suggested that the occupants be permitted to buy the houses either as individuals or communities. That would be very well, but wouldn't the manufacturers capitalize such housing and win profits in higher rents for other houses, because the very merits of the government houses would increase surrounding land values. Shall the housing enterprises of the government be permitted after the war to fall into the hands of real estate speculators? The best properties would be taken by such speculators, the poorer left on the government's hands. Thus would wages be absorbed in rents. The housed communities might buy the properties as a whole and thus capture the unearned increment of all the property, as taxes. The housing plan of the government must be carefully worked

out and it seems that the best way to do it would be to follow the method of the English co-partnership tenancy societies. The tenants buy the stock in the payment of small monthly charges. That retires the outside capital. Each is a part owner in the entire community. This method keeps out speculation and keeps down cost. There are other methods of shutting out the land sharks but any method that does not shut them out will simply mean that the government will make a large present of the power to tax and to absorb the unearned increment created wherever the government goes into housing on a large scale.

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To Get the Goods

THAT exceptionally clever woman, Miss Agnes Laut, writes two strong pages in the *New Republic* on the subject of "Averting Famine." She says many good things on the subject. But she doesn't seem to see that the way to avert famine is to produce food. She doesn't see that food has to be produced from land, and that food cannot be produced from land that is held out of use. She doesn't see that all land held out of use can be taxed into use. A heavy tax upon unused land would force its use and that would get us more food, coal, oil and minerals. Such production would stimulate manufacture generally. A tax such as referred to would not only produce food. It would produce revenue. By such taxation everything could be done that price-fixing has tried to do. If we untaxed the farmers' barns and houses and machinery and improvements we'd keep down his operating cost. So if we untaxed factories and machines and tools we'd increase the supply of manufactured goods. A heavy tax upon land held out of use will increase the supply of everything and do it sooner than any other device yet suggested, if indeed any other device will do it at all.

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KANSAS CITY elected James Cowgill, Democrat, mayor, last Tuesday. The event is of importance as indicating that Mr. James Cowgill will probably be the next Democratic candidate for governor of Missouri.

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The Colonel's All Right

WHEN the New York *Tribune* nominates Theodore Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for president in 1920 it gives the country a thrill. There can be no question that Col. Roosevelt is a well-beloved American. People may differ with him on many things he proposes, but nobody believes that he purposes anything but the good of the country. He may be deficient in deliberativeness, and plethoric of impetuosity, but he wants to keep moving at the swiftest pace possible to the national ends. That he appeals to the imagination of the many is indisputable. That he speaks effectively the impatience of the people with too much administrative *camouflage* is very true. His sense of the dramatic and spectacular would be of much value in its influence upon the national psychology at this time. Even such an admirer of the Colonel as myself, however, may restrain enthusiasm in consideration of the fact that his dynamic as a critic of the war is no guarantee that he could do more with the situation as an actual performer in the great drama. If it is complained that the war now is too much the personal war of President Wilson, we may remember that Mr. Dooley said the title of Col. Roosevelt's book on the Spanish-American war should have been "Alone in Cuba." If it's too much personality we are complaining about, then Roosevelt as president would be more of the same thing. Besides, it's some time to 1920 and we don't know what the conditions will be then. Maybe there won't be any need for Rooseveltian criticism. Maybe the war will be over. We hope Col. Roosevelt will still be with us in full attractive vigor, but he may not be so available as a candidate. He is the only available Republican now—no doubt about that, but it is conceivable that in two years the war will not seem so much of a failure as it does now. In such a situation his big guns would be silenced. Other

candidates might be more effective. Still it is well that the Colonel should be kept before the public as a presidential possibility. He is an unsurpassable stimulant for Americanism. His criticism may be astringent but its motive is beyond suspicion. He is a partisan of course, but a good healthy partisanship is a very necessary combination of check and good upon the administration. The Colonel is valuable as a very live human being in contrast with personalities that lead to become almost abstractions. I cannot see wherein anything he has said or done has interfered in the least with the progress of the war work. On the contrary, I believe that his activities have helped to get better results in general mobilization of all our forces. It is a good thing that the *Tribune* should put him forward as the Republican leader. There is no other with his sagacity and courage, none with his hold upon the popular heart. The country needs an opposition party—not a party of opposition to the war, but a party of opposition to mistaken details of strategy and tactics. Theodore Roosevelt is the man to put into effect the doctrine that it is the duty of an opposition party to oppose whatever may be justly opposable. I hope the New York *Tribune* will continue to keep his name flying at its masthead. 'Twould be a good thing for the country and even for President Wilson.

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Pandering to the Farmer Vote

MISSOURI'S State Board of Equalization avoids its plain duty to equalize taxes as between the different political subdivisions of the state. It will pay no attention to the action of assessors all over the state in increasing the valuations for taxation. The board has nothing to say or do about the valuation. The law says that property shall be taxed at its actual value. There is no getting away from or around it. The duty of the board is simply to equalize the assessment as between the counties and the city of St. Louis. But the board won't do this because its members, except the governor, are playing politics. They want to cater to the farmers who want low valuations for their property and high valuations upon city property. The members of the board, except the governor, are out to catch the farmer vote, and the attorney-general of the state supplies them with a special brand of law to suit their and his own political purposes. The city of St. Louis and a few counties will be forced to pay more than their proper share of taxes, to support out of the tax fund many of the counties that are under-assessed. The Board of Equalization stands firmly by the bucolic tax dodgers. It makes the farmers a privileged class. And it does this at a time when the state is sorely in need of all the taxes it can raise. Worst of all, it stands upon a violent and absurd perversion of the law. The Board of Equalization is doing a fine work for anarchism. It is to be hoped, however, that a way will be found whereby the courts can compel the board to do its plain duty.

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The Nurse in the War

THE world has become fairly familiar with the glorious side of war—the courage of the men, their indifference to danger and cheerful acceptance of the vilest discomforts—through the numerous books written by soldiers who have been a part of it. These books are so optimistic that one almost forgets there is any actual suffering involved or that any but the enemy sustain casualties. "A War Nurse's Diary" (Macmillan, New York), written by a young English nurse who went to Belgium in 1914, dispels this illusion, lifts the curtain as it were and admits the public behind the scenes where lies exposed the terrible pain which is the inevitable aftermath of battle. Anyone whose hours of illness have been eased by a professional nurse knows that all nurses are, to a degree, calloused to suffering. The author, although extremely sympathetic and self-sacrificing, is no exception to this rule and therefore nothing in her book need be discounted for a woman's natural tender-heartedness. She doesn't

gush; she is strictly practical and takes as much pride in the recovery of a difficult case as could any surgeon. And some most wonderful recoveries are recorded! as for instance a man twelve feet of whose intestines were removed, and another whose leg was saved to him after gangrene had set in. This latter was accomplished through dressings every half-hour. Indeed these war hospital staffs take infinite pains with apparently hopeless cases, which is the more remarkable in view of the fact that they so seldom have half enough workers or adequate equipment. The author—the book is anonymous—is herself amused in the light of her later experience at the personnel of the unit as at first organized: nine nurses, four or five men-doctors, three students from the London hospital, four lady-doctors, four lay-helpers (ladies well known in society), four gentlemen-chauffeurs and four lady-farmers. These last are described as highly connected and highly interesting personalities, who brought with them a farm wagon and a dray horse. Doubtless they were designed to raise the vegetables or the herbs for medicines. This unit did not endure long—the lady-farmers were the first to go—and when reorganized was nearer the term as understood in America. (It is said around Washington that the French government has asked this government to recall a number of swell society war workers who are only in the way of real workers.) They began work at Antwerp. There were three days in which to prepare when "a perfect avalanche of wounded arrived" and every patient received was seriously if not dangerously wounded. The two operating tables in the theatre were kept busy day and night and the nine nurses were scarcely able to keep abreast of the work or to direct the "zealous but often dangerous" energies of the lay-helpers who swarmed in from the neighborhood. Soon the Germans sent word that all who wished to escape in safety had but twenty-four hours in which to go. At first incredulous, the shells which had begun to fall convinced the hospital authorities and preparations were made to evacuate. The wounded, some of whom had just been operated on, were packed and jammed into springless motor buses—the kind that jolt a well man to bits even when driven over the smooth London streets—and rushed over cobblestones and sandy ruts for fourteen and a half hours. All of these men were either wounded in the abdomen, shot through the lungs, or pierced through the skull, often with their brains running out through the wound, or perhaps had broken backs. The merciful nurses administered whiskey and soda or morphia to those within reach. Finally they reached a place of rest and the nurses and surgeons began their work anew in Ostend. But only for a little while, when again the approaching battle line compelled them to move on. The author and a friend joined the staff of a Belgian hospital at Furnes where they nursed the wrecks from the battle of the Yser—hundreds and hundreds of men suffering from shock collapse, excessive hemorrhage, gangrene, tetanus, broken to pieces, many mortally wounded, all in agony, suffering from cold, hunger, exposure, frost-bite and every evil that can bring strong men to death's door. Often large pieces of clothing were imbedded in wounds, and shrapnel and mud, all borne with fortitude and stoicism. And often the water supply was cut off and there was no means of sterilizing instruments or dressings. Always these hospitals were within sight and sound of the trenches. The nurse tells of going down once to a hut just back of the lines where the soldiers staggered in to die on the straw-strewn floor. . . . "We were used to death and dying at our hospital but here we met despair. Grey, ashen faces looked up dully at us, they were mostly too bad to groan. It is dreadful to be impotent, to stand by grievously stricken men it is impossible to help, to see the death-sweat gathering on young faces, to have no means of easing their last moments. This is the nearest to hell I have yet been." But though their hearts were heavy with the misery around them these nurses and men found time for enjoyment, just as do the men in the trenches. They'd

make up a party occasionally for a luncheon in town at a restaurant, or form glee clubs to sing "Tipperary" and "Dixie," or give afternoon teas to the officers, or take a joy ride, or play hide-and-seek among the cows and ambulances, dodging the falling shells, or take long rides on the horses provided by the Belgian officers, or perhaps the more favored ones would secure permission to try her hand at firing a cannon. The last experience the author tells us about is being special nurse to an eminent general, a friend of King Albert's, in quarters as comfortable and complete as any nursing home in England. She closes her book as she leaves for London, where she expects a jolly good time motoring with some of the officers she nursed back to life. This is the best picture yet presented of the life and work of nurses in the war. One agrees that it must be true from the very evident relish the lady has for the experience of meeting with people of distinction in war, politics and society, even though she be not blind to the foibles and fribbles of such folks.



Francis for Senator

INDICATIONS there are that David Rowland Francis, ambassador to Russia, will be a Democratic candidate for the United States senatorship from Missouri. The present incumbent, William Joel Stone, will have a fight on his hands for renomination. Former Governor Joseph Wingate Folk is reckoned an aspirant and the present Governor Frederick D. Gardner may get into the contest. The President of the United States may take a hand in the campaign. It has been intimated that he doesn't like some of the votes of Senator Stone on certain issues before and upon the occasion of this country's entrance into the war. There is no question, however, of Senator Stone's loyalty since war was declared. Ex-Governor Folk is supposed to have a strong "dry" backing, which with his following of anti-corporationists in the cities will make him formidable. Governor Gardner has a good record as a business executive. It is apparent that in a three-cornered contest between Stone, Folk and Gardner, the first named would be likely to win. For that reason influential Democrats are trying to get Ambassador Francis into the race, with promises of powerful journalistic support in St. Louis other than that of his own paper, the *Republic*. The work of Francis in Russia during the war and the revolution makes him a harder man to beat in Missouri than he was when James A. Reed defeated him a few years ago. He will have a lot of support against Stone, that he could not get against Reed, if he determines to make the race.



—And no Birds Sing

By Elizabeth R. Hunt

BAD coal in the furnace,
A bad cold in the head,
Bitter cold and snow and howling wind without,
Dry, gaseous, overheated air within.

My throat and lungs are parched,
My ears are deafened with the roar of storms
That have been raging all this direful year.
My head is dizzy with the never-ending news of war
That shrieks from headlines twice a day,
Every morning prompt to take the flavor from my food,
And every night to send me horrified to bed.

I raise the window most in shelter, just an inch;
The gale drives furiously straight across the room.
I struggle hard to pull it down again.

It is the last wild cry
Of a wild winter.
There is nothing to be done
But somehow to betake myself in spirit overseas
Where I may view with unuplifted eyes

Invisible fair scenes of wood and field and stream,
Inhale in rapturous memory
The moist, refreshing, good green country smell,
And listen with the hearing of the soul
To unheard melodies.

Here is my old dilapidated Treasury of Songs and Lyrics,

All odorous of brown ploughed fields
And flowering shrubs abundantly in bloom,
And echoing a chorus of bird notes
From skylark, and from thrush,
(Divinest song of all)
From linnet and from nightingale.

I turn the worn familiar leaves;
Chaucer on his way to Canterbury,
Spenser in a very British faeryland,
Shakespeare in Arden,
The gallant Sidney on his charger,
Herrick gone a-maying with Corinna,
Milton—stern secluded soul,
He never really knew the open anywhere,
Although he loved it—
Sad young Keats in his melodious plot of beechen green,
Shelley hidden in the light of thought,
Wordsworth in Westmoreland,
Tennyson in Surrey,
Kingsley in Devon—

It must be nearly time for bird and flower
in England now;
For there the spring, serenely beautiful,
Comes early, with a steady undisturbed advance.
Spring colors shine before my tired eyes,
Fresh green, pale yellow,
The blue of skies, the white of low-hung clouds.
I scent the clean spring air
So free from dust and taint of withered leaves.
I hear the sounds of reawakened life
Making rich harmony.
My soul revives, my lungs expand—

Ting! The postman's signal!
The glimmering vision is dissolved,
The unheard bird songs cease.
But all the air seems strangely vitalized,
The storm is surely dying down at last.
The war is mercifully out of mind.

A letter from England,
Opened by Censor, numbered 6449.
I cut across his firmly pasted slip
In hope of news less awful than the last—
And find almost a page deleted.
The ominous beginning reads,
"We had a bad air raid"—
The rest is washed off clean
With the official acid.
The next page then goes on—
"The flowers are beginning to come out,
But the time of the singing of the birds does not come,
For the continual noise of guns
Has driven them all away.
They never will come back
To our lovely countryside,
Till peace returns to dear old England."

My throat and lungs are dry again,
My head is dizzy as before.
The birds have fled from England!
I wonder will the hawthorn shrivel up and die.
Is all the soft moist English air
Polluted with the hideous warfare waged
In heaven above, and on the earth beneath, and in
the waters under it?

I close my poor dilapidated Treasury of Song.
The time is out of joint
For such humanities.
I throw the window up again
And let the storm drive in.

do not doubt, but the constitution is a facility, not an obstruction. Nothing counts for the time being but the winning of the war. And any powers given the President now may be revoked when the war is won. Get on with the war!

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The Way Dictators Come

THAT proposal that we shall have no congressional elections this year is well intended of course. But it won't take with the people. The organic law provides for such elections. They must be held. They should be held in order that the public may have an opportunity to get rid of some congressmen whose course has not been in accord with the patriotic will of the people. All that is desirable in the situation can be accomplished without suspending the constitutional provisions. The people can be depended upon to choose men for office who will support the war, whether Republicans or Democrats. In fact, elections will turn more upon the qualifications of the candidates than upon partisan considerations, and that is as it should be. It is a bad thing to begin shelving the constitution upon plea of emergency. That is the way that dictators come. The war can be won without scrapping our system of government.

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Those Innocent Purchasers

Forty years ago the people of Dallas county voted bonds for a railroad that was never built. Ever since the men who have been elected circuit judges in that county have refused to order a tax levy to pay the interest on those bonds. They have gone to jail rather than do it. The other day a federal judge at Springfield ordered the arrest of circuit judge J. S. Evans for refusal to obey such tax-levy mandate. The jurist will be locked up in the Jackson county jail, if he does not give bond for an appeal. Judge Evans says he stands with the people of the county against the federal court. The people of the county are being robbed. They are being made to pay for something they never received. Certain "innocent purchasers" of the bonds for the railroad that was never built demand their money. That "innocent purchaser" gag has been long ago played out. Certain men who guiltily purchased such bonds for such mythical roads have made fortunes out of the enforcement of just such payments as Judge Evans refuses to sanction. In other counties than Dallas old claims on such bonds have been compromised of late years, but the compromises while confirming law have nevertheless wrought injustice. Finally the innocent purchasers of Dallas county bonds will get their graft, of course, but Judge Evans is to be honored for honoring iniquitous law rather in the breach than in the observance.

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Problems of Housing

MR. NOBLE FOSTER HOGGSON, of *Hoggson's Magazine*, presents elsewhere in this issue the general aspects of the housing problem. In detail that problem suggests a greater problem. After the government has put \$100,000,000 and more into 30,000 houses, setting up new little towns, then what? The corporations will pay back the money of course, and will own the property. How about the dividends thereafter? Will they be limited, and if they are will the occupants of the houses be just a governmentally regimented tenantry? It is suggested that the occupants be permitted to buy the houses either as individuals or communities. That would be very well, but wouldn't the manufacturers capitalize such housing and win profits in higher rents for other houses, because the very merits of the government houses would increase surrounding land values. Shall the housing enterprises of the government be permitted after the war to fall into the hands of real estate speculators? The best properties would be taken by such speculators, the poorer left on the government's hands. Thus would wages be absorbed in rents. The housed communities might buy the properties as a whole and thus capture the unearned increment of all the property, as taxes. The housing plan of the government must be carefully worked

out and it seems that the best way to do it would be to follow the method of the English co-partnership tenancy societies. The tenants buy the stock in the payment of small monthly charges. That retires the outside capital. Each is a part owner in the entire community. This method keeps out speculation and keeps down cost. There are other methods of shutting out the land sharks but any method that does not shut them out will simply mean that the government will make a large present of the power to tax and to absorb the unearned increment created wherever the government goes into housing on a large scale.

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To Get the Goods

THAT exceptionally clever woman, Miss Agnes Laut, writes two strong pages in the *New Republic* on the subject of "Averting Famine." She says many good things on the subject. But she doesn't seem to see that the way to avert famine is to produce food. She doesn't see that food has to be produced from land, and that food cannot be produced from land that is held out of use. She doesn't see that all land held out of use can be taxed into use. A heavy tax upon unused land would force its use and that would get us more food, coal, oil and minerals. Such production would stimulate manufacture generally. A tax such as referred to would not only produce food. It would produce revenue. By such taxation everything could be done that price-fixing has tried to do. If we untaxed the farmers' barns and houses and machinery and improvements we'd keep down his operating cost. So if we untaxed factories and machines and tools we'd increase the supply of manufactured goods. A heavy tax upon land held out of use will increase the supply of everything and do it sooner than any other device yet suggested, if indeed any other device will do it at all.

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KANSAS CITY elected James Cowgill, Democrat, mayor, last Tuesday. The event is of importance as indicating that Mr. James Cowgill will probably be the next Democratic candidate for governor of Missouri.

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The Colonel's All Right

WHEN the New York *Tribune* nominates Theodore Roosevelt as the Republican candidate for president in 1920 it gives the country a thrill. There can be no question that Col. Roosevelt is a well-beloved American. People may differ with him on many things he proposes, but nobody believes that he purposes anything but the good of the country. He may be deficient in deliberativeness, and plethoric of impetuosity, but he wants to keep moving at the swiftest pace possible to the national ends. That he appeals to the imagination of the many is indisputable. That he speaks effectively the impatience of the people with too much administrative *camouflage* is very true. His sense of the dramatic and spectacular would be of much value in its influence upon the national psychology at this time. Even such an admirer of the Colonel as myself, however, may restrain enthusiasm in consideration of the fact that his dynamic as a critic of the war is no guarantee that he could do more with the situation as an actual performer in the great drama. If it is complained that the war now is too much the personal war of President Wilson, we may remember that Mr. Dooley said the title of Col. Roosevelt's book on the Spanish-American war should have been "Alone in Cuba." If it's too much personality we are complaining about, then Roosevelt as president would be more of the same thing. Besides, it's some time to 1920 and we don't know what the conditions will be then. Maybe there won't be any need for Rooseveltian criticism. Maybe the war will be over. We hope Col. Roosevelt will still be with us in full attractive vigor, but he may not be so available as a candidate. He is the only available Republican now—no doubt about that, but it is conceivable that in two years the war will not seem so much of a failure as it does now. In such a situation his big guns would be silenced. Other

candidates might be more effective. Still it is well that the Colonel should be kept before the public as a presidential possibility. He is an unsurpassable stimulant for Americanism. His criticism may be astringent but its motive is beyond suspicion. He is a partisan of course, but a good healthy partisanism is a very necessary combination of check and good upon the administration. The Colonel is valuable as a very live human being in contrast with personalities that lead to become almost abstractions. I cannot see wherein anything he has said or done has interfered in the least with the progress of the war work. On the contrary, I believe that his activities have helped to get better results in general mobilization of all our forces. It is a good thing that the *Tribune* should put him forward as the Republican leader. There is no other with his sagacity and courage, none with his hold upon the popular heart. The country needs an opposition party—not a party of opposition to the war, but a party of opposition to mistaken details of strategy and tactics. Theodore Roosevelt is the man to put into effect the doctrine that it is the duty of an opposition party to oppose whatever may be justly opposable. I hope the New York *Tribune* will continue to keep his name flying at its masthead. 'Twould be a good thing for the country and even for President Wilson.

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Pandering to the Farmer Vote

MISSOURI'S State Board of Equalization avoids its plain duty to equalize taxes as between the different political subdivisions of the state. It will pay no attention to the action of assessors all over the state in increasing the valuations for taxation. The board has nothing to say or do about the valuation. The law says that property shall be taxed at its actual value. There is no getting away from or around it. The duty of the board is simply to equalize the assessment as between the counties and the city of St. Louis. But the board won't do this because its members, except the governor, are playing politics. They want to cater to the farmers who want low valuations for their property and high valuations upon city property. The members of the board, except the governor, are out to catch the farmer vote, and the attorney-general of the state supplies them with a special brand of law to suit their and his own political purposes. The city of St. Louis and a few counties will be forced to pay more than their proper share of taxes, to support out of the tax fund many of the counties that are under-assessed. The Board of Equalization stands firmly by the bucolic tax dodgers. It makes the farmers a privileged class. And it does this at a time when the state is sorely in need of all the taxes it can raise. Worst of all, it stands upon a violent and absurd perversion of the law. The Board of Equalization is doing a fine work for anarchism. It is to be hoped, however, that a way will be found whereby the courts can compel the board to do its plain duty.

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The Nurse in the War

THE world has become fairly familiar with the glorious side of war—the courage of the men, their indifference to danger and cheerful acceptance of the vilest discomforts—through the numerous books written by soldiers who have been a part of it. These books are so optimistic that one almost forgets there is any actual suffering involved or that any but the enemy sustain casualties. "A War Nurse's Diary" (Macmillan, New York), written by a young English nurse who went to Belgium in 1914, dispels this illusion, lifts the curtain as it were and admits the public behind the scenes where lies exposed the terrible pain which is the inevitable aftermath of battle. Anyone whose hours of illness have been eased by a professional nurse knows that all nurses are, to a degree, calloused to suffering. The author, although extremely sympathetic and self-sacrificing, is no exception to this rule and therefore nothing in her book need be discounted for a woman's natural tender-heartedness. She doesn't

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The Spirits

By T. Moseley Curtin

NATURAL enough it is that the atmosphere of war, with its disturbing influence upon the reason, the emotions, and the imagination, should favor every sort of superstition, especially those which affect to give direct experimental testimony to survival after death, and to place the living in contact with those who have passed away. It was in this atmosphere that Sir Oliver Lodge's latest revelations took form, and have become a halo of "science" round the most flimsy array of evidence, and in this country we have had an outbreak of letters from the beyond, communicated in automatic writing by Elsa Barker, a novel via ouija board from the spirit of Mark Twain, to say nothing of the poems, plays and disquisitions by "Patience Worth." In his work, "The Question: 'If a Man Die Shall He Live Again?'" Mr. Edward Clodd (Edward J. Clode, New York), makes a trenchant inquiry into the methods and the worth of the various spiritualist and other "psychical" phenomena which claim to furnish testimony. He is peculiarly well fitted to undertake this task, not merely by the possession of an acutely critical mind, but because of his long and close studies in anthropology. For among the most valuable passages are those in which he traces in the earliest records of man, and in the modern records of the most backward races, so many of the same beliefs, interpretations, and practices which form the staple of the more pretentious modern methods of clairvoyance and spiritualism. "Spiritualism," he concludes, "is the old animism writ large." Table-rapping, levitations, apparitions of the dead or absent, omens, soothsaying, palmistry, astrology, and witchcraft are old as the hills, and have always been sustained by the same sorts of evidence reacting upon nervous instability:—

"Suppose," writes Tylor, 'a wild North American Indian looking on at a spirit séance in London. As to the presence of disembodied spirits manifesting themselves by raps, sound, voices and other physical actions, the savage would be perfectly at home in the proceedings, for such things are part and parcel of his recognised system of nature. The part of the affair really strange to him would be the introduction of such acts as spelling and writing, which do belong to a different civilization from his.'

We are aware of the reply which convinced modern spiritualists make, that the wide prevalence of these beliefs and practices is evidence accumulative to their case. But no accumulation of bad evidence makes good evidence, while the same weaknesses of the human mind in all times and places will tend to produce the same errors and illusions.

It is entirely a question of the value of evidence, and, as Mr. Clodd shows, there are several grounds for refusing credence even to the best cases which modern spiritualists adduce. In the first place, as he points out, hardly any of the tests are, strictly speaking, "experimental" but "experiential," a very different thing. Every scientific man is aware how rigorous should be the arrayed conditions to prove causation. In these cases of psychical research the difficulties of conducting an experiment under fully known conditions are insuperable. But even more detrimental is the "personal equation" in investigations where the emotions and desires are so powerfully implicated, and where physical deceptions are so rife. A skilled conjurer like Mr. Douglas Blackburn was easily able to hoax by sham telepathy a group of highly intelligent investigators, and remarks upon "the extraordinary gullibility displayed by Messrs. Myers and Gurney," while Madame Blavatsky, no mean witness, testifies: "I have not met with more than two or three men who knew how to observe and remark on what was going on around them."

Ordinary psychological experiments have shown the ease with which persons can deceive themselves and others as to plain matters of immediate appeal to the senses. What amount of delusion may be expected from minds and senses attuned to the mysterious environment of a séance! Many people

appear to be impressed by the fact that among believers are to be found men of science. The names of several physicists, notably Sir William Crookes, Sir William Barrett, and Sir Oliver Lodge, have given scientific respectability to spiritualism. But Mr. Clodd very properly remarks that "the physicist and the mathematician are not competent witnesses to the truth or falsity of what lies outside their province." We would go further and suggest that the severe training in reasoning to which they have been subjected may be a positively disabling factor in dealing with problems of psychology where the material is so malleable and hard to fix. We believe that very few trained psychologists are to be found in the ranks of spiritualism, though many of them give much attention to abnormal psychical phenomena. For they will, better than others, realize the disqualifying circumstances of the séance:—

"It is especially at séances that the emotions, compact as they are of fear, hope and wonder, and when undisciplined, parents of countless evils, have unchecked play. The attitude of the sitters is receptive, uncritical; exaltation of feeling strengthens the wish to believe; the power of suggestion, whose continuous influence in social evolution from a great past cannot be overestimated, if dominant, and the senses are prepared to see and hear what they are told."

"Intellectuals" are in such matters nearly as credulous as uneducated persons, and the life of the specialist or bookish person is, on the whole, unfavorable to the detection of conjurers, mediums, and other conscious or unconscious tricksters. Is it possible that "intellectuals" like the editor of the *St. Louis Mirror*, H. V. Boynton, critic of the *New York Nation* and Roland Greene Usher, the historian, are deceived by some form of the will-to-believe, into accepting "The Sorry Tale" as a fictional work of genius? The high interest which educated and intellectual people take in their personality and that of others, and in the psychical aspects of that personality, secretly inspires them with a keener desire for "survival" than is common among ordinary folk, and their falling away from the accepted creeds puts them more at the mercy of the new priests and fakirs who play up to their craving. The facile acceptance of answers to the most disabling criticism exhibits the extent to which common sense and ordinary logic are swamped by the atmosphere. Take, for example, the oft-cited difficulty about the clothes in which "spirits" appear. "The clothes are not, of course, material clothes; they are mere accessories, assumed, so to speak, to facilitate the question of identity!" Even such a smashing exposure of spiritualism and its claims as is contained in "The Quest of Dean Bridgman Conner" by Anthony Philpott, is waved away with the assertion that "the Conner case, with all its mistakes, does not invalidate the true things that constitute good evidence for survival in other parts of Mrs. Piper's experience."

Mr. Clodd carefully analyzes the "crucial" experiments in the case of the best-known mediums, such as Mrs. Piper and Eusapia Paladino, and shows how loose observation, improper stress upon happy guesses, and skillful fraud, dispose of many of the phenomena which were considered most conclusive. It must be confessed that Mr. Clodd does not approach his subject with reverence. Rather with its opposite. Indeed, he adopts from the beginning an attitude of contemptuous and derisive humor towards the phenomena and the practitioners thereof and believers therein. This detracts from the scientific value of the work.

What Mr. Clodd does not investigate, perhaps because it lies beyond the strict scope of his present purpose, is the contribution made by what is termed the subliminal consciousness to many of the so-called spirit phenomena. Remarkable messages are certainly obtained by table-rapping, automatic writing, and other methods of tapping the sub-conscious, and we still regard it as an open question whether the whole of the telepathic phenomena are the sheer frauds or delusions which Mr. Clodd appears to think them. This investigator evidently had not heard of or seen the writings of "Patience Worth" of St. Louis, remarkable for their literary value, aside from

their coming by way of the ouija board, and, so far as has been ascertained, impossible to trace in the matter of derivativeness, while the integrity of the "medium," Mrs. John H. Curran, is absolutely unquestioned. We think that part of the plausibility of spiritualism is due to an abuse of certain psychical truths, the laws of which are not yet understood. Mr. Clodd will have none of that sort of stuff. He's a thoroughgoing agnostic and he empties vials and even buckets of irony and satire upon Christian Science and its sacred book, "Science and Health." Sir Oliver Lodge's "Raymond" is "nauseating drivel." "To Job's question," says Mr. Clodd, 'If a man die shall he live again?' science can answer neither 'yes' nor 'no,' all that can be said is that the evidence supplied by comparative psychology does not support the belief in a future life. It leaves it unsolved." This book is pungent and pugnacious on every page, a welter of spook-slaughter and altogether most interesting reading. There's a dent in Mr. Clodd's head where his bump of credulity ought to be according to the phrenological charts.

♦♦♦♦

Reactions of a Reader

By Alliterarius

IV. TO THE PARLOR PHILOSOPHIES

ARE parlor philosophies disturbed by Great Wars? The elect will and doubtless do argue the point from both angles. But does not this merely promote philosophy, particularly parlor philosophy, more potently than it does war? Do I hear the mere listener sub-vocally assent?

These philosophies as they pass, pass processionally through those parlors where the illuminati most do congregate—what intriguing *études des mœurs* they present, to borrow a figure from Balzac! You will recall the great Honoré's own philosophical speculations in his "Louis Lambert," which, composed largely of pages from his autobiography, as a document is so engrossing to those Balzacians who have awakened to the fact that the man and his life are the most interesting portions of the *Comédie Humaine*. Balzac's philosophy was for the most part thoroughly à la Kant—that is to say a priori and intuitional. It was an emanation of feeling not so much clarified as intensified by thought but not superimposed upon any basis of profound study or immense knowledge. But that does not lessen its fascination, despite the fact that the professional philosophers and their echoes have derided it.

Meanwhile we have gone a long way since in parlor philosophy—for Balzac's philosophy was of the genus, and I have always derived pleasure from the evocation of the fat figure with the sparkling eyes and jagged teeth, balancing itself upon a delicate Louis Seize fauteuil and expounding it, say, to Mme. le Duchesse de Castries, with occasional flourishes of the famous cane. But think of the dry wells whence Balzac was obliged to draw his philosophic ideas! Of all those ancients of the schools, those rigid and forbidding doctors whose mouldy straw and splintered faggots had for so long constituted the body of doctrine whence everything must be derived! And then think of "Pragmatism" and "Creative Evolution!"

Yes—we have succeeded in making philosophy much more attractive as a parlor game—and what resources it would have provided Balzac, in its present estate, as compared with what he was compelled to go on! Particularly when we add to those two items above-mentioned the latest novelty, "Psychoanalysis."

We live so fast and so far in a year in these brisk and giddy-paced times that along with our progress we must submit to its disadvantages. The chief of these is the embarrassment of not being allowed time to become familiar with a philosophy which readjusts the very foundations of human existence and the social structure before—*presto!* it has passed

along and what we were beginning to learn we must begin at once to forget.

There was "Pragmatism," for instance. I will not cite anything so pedantic as dates—but you remember how very recently it began knocking at the parlor doors. And to-day it is merely an interesting relic, of which we care to remember only the *precis* so happily deduced, "We don't know where we're going, but we're on the way!" How absorbing it still might be had not Professor Bergson come along with "Creative Evolution" and the *élan vital*. One cannot but feel that William James should have gotten into action a bit sooner or else M. Bergson a bit later. For so few of us had as yet been quite able to be sure whether we belonged among the tough or the tender minds when we were submerged in the necessity of regulating our *élan vital*. That is, those of us who wished to do so—there are so many, especially of the illuminati, who do not!

Wonderfully fascinating was this subtle force. But, alas—history repeated itself. We had as yet obtained only an inkling of these fascinations when along comes Professor-Doctor Freud, with Professor-Doctor Jung hanging onto his coat tails and both of them just bubbling over with the *Libido*! Behold, thereupon, the philosophical footmen, scarce taking the trouble to be decorous about it, ushering that interesting, that fascinating *élan vital*, if not to outer darkness at least into a misty mid-region only less remote, while the illuminati gather gladsomely about the *Libido*!

I cannot help feeling that the Freudians and the Jung-ers have all the best of it and will continue, perhaps indefinitely, to do so. Parlor philosophy must always contract more lasting liaisons with creeds that boil down, or whip up, into a single vocable; for—consider the amount of energy thereby released for other diversions! "Pragmatism" was, it must be confessed, unlucky in its inability to be expressed in a word. M. Bergson, by condensing his entire system into the *élan vital*, which became at once and altogether Mary and Martha, Hebe and Ganymede, Bridget and the Boots, gained an immense and irresistible advantage over his Yankee rival. But while this was true, he has been in his turn completely outgeneralled by his Teutonic one—as the Teutonic commanders have a habit of doing, it would seem. For Professor Freud, by swapping the *élan vital* for the *Libido* has at one swoop reduced the Parisian to a state of impotence.

Fascinating as that *élan vital* might have been, in comparison with the *Libido* it is the most uninteresting and remotest of abstractions. Purely of-and for the parlor, in promulgating it M. Bergson forgot or overlooked the fact that the parlor, unlike the academy and the porch, has from time immemorial been in the habit of tiring of itself and going slumming; that, indeed, it loves the slum with a love surpassing even that of the slum for itself. Perfumed, polished and manicured, marcelled and silken-draped as it is, nothing is so dear to the heart and the soul of the parlor as an opportunity to slop around in the sewer under the obligation of enlightenment and the improvement of its mind. William James was a very 'cute Yankee, but he neglected to provide "Pragmatism" with a sewer system. True, the principles which he therein enunciated can be construed into a beautiful reason for intellectual slumming—but the point is that this is not a part of the specified doctrine and, in practice, runs the suspicion of being heterodox, if not quite heretical. Professor Bergson, who has much in common with William James—you recall their mutual admiration—committed a similar error in "Creative Evolution." That fascinating *élan vital*, as a matter of fact, was replete with slummy possibilities, but its creator, with a fastidiousness which to-day he must bitterly regret, failed to develop or expound them save in the most shadowy and negligible way. There was really nothing that the parlor philosopher, male or female, bent upon repetitions of the slummy ritual, could positively lay hold of.

Yes—the facile and agile intellect of the Parisian Socrates must be in a state of rage over its own

fatuity when it cogitates upon the triumph of the *Libido*! Here we may say that the parlor has at last come into its own. In this one triumphant symbol Freud, Jung *et Cie* have condensed and expressed the age-long straining of culture toward the slums and victoriously expressed it. "*In hoc signo vinces!*" Do not attempt to argue that miracles are a thing of the past or inspiration one of the vested rights of the New Poetry! The psychoanalysts have a copper-riveted cinch on both sublime articles.

It is only necessary to realize that where William James or Professor Bergson, for instance, saw, let us say, a lamp-post, the *Libido* perceives a phallic emblem; that where, very possibly, "Pragmatism" and "Creative Evolution" saw, let us say, a hair-pin, the *Libido* detects a sexual inhibition; that where the Puritan and the Parisian, for example, discover a diaper, psychoanalysis proclaims an incest-complex—why, then you get next to just what has happened. What cares parlor philosophy, or parlor philosophers, for babble about tough or tender minds, or the intangible *élan vital*, when allured by such throbbing vitalities as these? Especially when Sadism, Masochism, perversion, degeneracy and erotomania cluster about them like whirling dervishes and call orgiastically: "On with the dance! Let filth be unconfined! No sleep till morn when slum and science meet to chase the smutty hours with loathsome feet!"

And the beautiful thing about it, the philosophy of it, is that it is all so delightfully "unconscious!"

♦♦♦♦

The Challenge of the Housing Problem

By Noble Foster Hoggson

A CHALLENGE not only to the sound judgment, but to the idealism of the American business man lies in what has come to be called the "industrial housing problem." Behind these matter-of-fact words is a world of vital significance affecting the greater, more efficient, more beautiful America for which forward-looking men are beginning to plan.

The solution rests neither in sentiment alone nor in unmitigated business sense; it is comprehended, however, in that mixture of the two qualities which makes for the greatest social value and success in industry.

The practice of providing suitable homes for workers is in its infancy in America. England has solved the problem with characteristic British slowness and thoroughness. But in America, the land is as yet too new, the genitive forces of industrial opportunity as yet too prolific, labor as yet too plentiful to have brought this incidental but vital problem to more than a merely tentative solution.

The great war, however, has been the Great Precipitator—it has crystallized conditions that would otherwise have been a generation, a century, or a quintet of centuries in flux. The housing problem in the United States has been moved up at least a generation. Where yesterday it was with many industrial organizations a matter of sentiment or casual experiment, it is to-day a problem of grim necessity—though it will never find a real solution until sentiment mingles with business judgment to produce a humanly workable result.

The reason why the housing problem cannot be dealt with solely in a cold, logical, business fashion should be apparent to everyone. That it is not apparent is evident from the fact that many of the past attempts at solving the problem in America have resulted unsatisfactorily.

The vital force in industry—the force that makes even machine work better and gives that overtone of enthusiasm, of early-morning exuberance, which in the near future, if indeed it has not already been done, will invariably be computed in easily recognizable units as one of the employer's chief assets.

Having based their solution of the housing problem upon an astonishingly intensive industrial de-

velopment, the British have led the way. Their mature efforts, the direct outgrowth of the development just mentioned, are in happy contrast with our own thus far. There is no reason, however, why our own solution of the particular phases of the problem which come nearest to us should not be even more successful in its results than the efforts of the British.

The English student of the housing problem provides a dwelling that combines comfort with ample space and general coziness. There is usually a garden, a breathing space, the mercy of vines and trees to soothe the weariness from toil-worn senses which too often do not sense their own needs. The garden is no less important than the sanitation, the ventilation—nay, more important in a great many respects than the house itself.

There is no need to point out the obvious fact that the competition for labor in the United States is stiffening daily. The appeals for conscription of labor, the efforts of manufacturers to prevent competitive bidding for labor, the general, but usually mistaken complaint of labor shortage—all bear witness to this fact. Far more practicable than all the solutions thus far offered is proper housing.

But proper housing does not mean mere shelter. Man is a sentimental animal. His holiest sentiment centers about the home. Home ties mean contentment; if they do not, they are not ties for long. They mean attachment to locality, they mean a vital interest in the community, they mean, most of all, a sense of security which implies—the psychologists and the workmen themselves tell us—permanence, comfort and enthusiasm of surroundings. This was the meaning of the English cottage and garden.

Any effort at housing which is not predicated upon the fact that normal man is at bottom a lover of beauty is as sure to fail as one that compels or permits six men to sleep where one man should. The latter policy starves the body of nerve recreation; the other starves it of mental recreation.

The problem of housing, then, is first of all one for the employer. He cannot trust it to a real estate speculator, whose chief aim is too likely to be the exacting of the largest, quickest return which the necessity of the employe can be made to yield. The real estate speculator is the commercial antagonist of both employer and employe. He usually succeeds in driving the employe away in numbers large enough to cost the employer much in energy, worry and profits.

The problem is also one for the community and particularly for those members of the community who profit most by its healthy, sound and consistent growth. Chief among these members is the banker. But merchants should also be interested, as well as the owners of traction companies and all those who are possessed of a disinterested civic pride.

So in cities where the individual employer cannot meet the problem, it is properly one for a stock company composed of employers, bankers, merchants and those advocates of civic betterment who prefer a garden suburb to long rows of poorly planned, ill-built, altogether mentally and financially depressing flats and shacks so generally mis-called cottages.

There is, however, a larger and more important phase of the problem than any thus far considered here. The new world-contact which has been thrust upon us within the last few years brings an obligation to create a new, more beautiful, more efficient, more glorious America. The foundation of that America must be labor; well-paid, contented labor, and only such labor can be depended upon in the period of all-inclusive readjustment and reconstruction which may be thrust upon us at any time by the end of the World War. Proper housing—housing that, no matter who the laborer or what his habits, creates the permanent home sense, will be an important determining factor in the situation. As the future of America depends upon such labor, it is a proper object of government encouragement.

In these days, with new responsibilities and new vision, we are smashing precedent and dealing with problems upon their own merits. It is idle to urge

that a thing should not be done to-day because it has never been done before. Had precedent prevailed our army would not now be flowing into France; our transportation system would be a succession of Gordian knots; our industries in hopeless confusion, and our finances an irredeemable wreck. So, in considering the housing situation, the possible objection that federal aid has never before been extended in this direction is of no effect. The turn of events has made housing one of the most vital of all problems. We have built our nation by aid to homesteading farmers; one of our chief privileges and obligations to-day is to apply ourselves to the problem of adequately *housing*, not housing, labor, to the future greatness and glory of America.

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Exile From God

By John Hall Wheelock

I DO not fear to lay my body down
In death, to share
The life of the dark earth and lose my own,
If God is there.

I have so loved all sense of Him, sweet might
Of color and sound,—
His tangible loveliness and living light
That robes me 'round.

If to His heart in the hushed grave and dim
We sink more near,
It shall be well—living we rest in Him.
Only I fear

Lest from my God in lonely death I lapse,
And the dumb clod
Lose Him, for God is life, and death, perhaps,
Exile from God.

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An Old Booklover

By William Marion Reedy

BOOKLOVERS from all over the United States, when they go to New York, never fail to visit Brentano's great book-store. Hereafter they will miss there a face they were always glad to see. It was a little face like a crab-apple, with a pair of bright dark eyes, an ascetic face under a dapper little "bang" of light hair. Its owner was Silas Orrin Howes. You'd find him to the right of the door as you entered, at the art department. His shoulders were a little bent, but he moved with a quick step. He had an engaging smile as he looked up at you with little winkings as one who had just been reading long in a book. Did you want a book—any kind of a book? Howes knew about it and would get it for you then or later, but get it surely. If it was a book upon some recondite subject, so much the better. And while you were talking to him a man would come in to see him and he'd introduce you. The newcomer might be Huneker or Howells or Mencken, or Viereck or Robert W. Chambers or Max Eastman or Ernest Poole or—anybody who is anybody in literary New York. Howes knew them all. You'd think his sole business at Brentano's was to look after the sales of the works of each one of them. And he had his little fads. He was full of stuff about Cunningham-Grahame, Joseph Conrad, Hugh Walpole. He was an idolater of Ambrose Bierce. His range of literary information was incalculable. It took in books old and new. And his talk was the talk of a real critic who was not ashamed of enthusiasms. He could tell you all about the kind of new prints and Irish authors or English vorticists John Quinn was collecting. And he would quote from Australian poets you never heard of before. He rejoiced in the racy red literary pages of the *Sydney Bulletin*. Then, if you knew him well, you'd go of an evening to his room around on Lexington avenue and he'd brew you

the most delicious coffee, or take you to a Turkish restaurant for strange dishes, summoning the waiters with a curious soft clapping of hands. He'd show you perhaps that copy of Henley's "Book of Verses" which was all he saved of quite a large and select library that was whelmed in the Galveston flood in 1900. He'd sent it to Henley all crumpled and stained and Henley had sent it back with an original poem on the fly-leaf. Howes loved literature with a devotion passing that of man for woman. He was an old bachelor and I'd known him for twenty-five years. His talk was ever of books and bookmen, good, keen, perceptive talk too. He liked literature that was aristocratic. No best sellers for him. He hated the profane vulgar. A gentleman he was—an old style gentleman. He had come from Georgia. He didn't care for the uplifters or the reformers. Art was enough. He had never had a large salary, but he had always had books and in them he had been made master of the world of thought and feeling. Now and then he'd write a little criticism for the *MIRROR*; once long ago he wrote a poem that the *MIRROR* printed. He used to read proof on the *Galveston News* until his eyes gave out. Then he worked for awhile on the *St. Louis Republic*. In between he had started an old book store at—of all places in the world—San Antonio, Texas, losing all his savings. But those lost savings didn't worry him. He often grieved over some of the books he had to let go, books of this, that or the other association value. Some writer whom he loved had owned them and written a line or two on the fly-leaves. Silas Orrin Howes was a beautiful spirit in a quaint vessel. He was all gentleness. He moved around in the aisles of Brentano's like a character out of a novel by E. V. Lucas. He loved to take pains to find for you what you wanted, if he could. Five years he sought a book for me, couldn't find it, and then besought a New York publisher to get out a new edition of it from one copy in a public library. He had no bad stories about any of the authors, actors or other celebrities he met at the store. He knew what most of them were reading at any time you met him. Now and then he'd write a letter to the *New York Sun*, and the *Sun* would print it, and he would be as happy as if he'd got a poem into Braithwaite's annual anthology. Usually his letter was a chastely written slap at someone he deemed a demagogue. He wouldn't read the yellow press; the *Sun*—in the pre-Munsey days—or the *Evening Post* for him. He had a bill-book in his pocket containing bits of verse he clipped. He'd show the clippings and ask you to read them. He had a fine scorn of politics and for affairs—until the war came on. Then all he could do was to exclaim, "Shall we fill up England's Helicon?" And then—"Damn the Dutch—they helped the North lick the South in our war." And, oh yes—prohibition was to him the abomination of desolation. "Yes, sir, now it's good liquor they'll be cutting off—the same damned hypocrites who want to bowdlerize the novels of Theodore Dreiser." A trip to New York would never have been a trip had I failed to pass an evening or two with Howes. Maybe we'd pass them riding in a street car, or at a movie, but always with either prologue or epilogue of some of his home-brewed coffee. He was a clean-minded man. He had old-fashioned ideas about the sanctities of home, the sacredness of women's reputations. The only thing he feared was the Catholic church—some day it was going to play the devil with our liberties. And he would ride that hobby ferociously, as become a man who numbered many Catholics among his best friends. Then too, "Say, Bill, do you think Masters' stuff is poetry? You do? Well, if anybody else told me that I'd say he was a damn fool. Have it your way, but give me Swinburne or Dowson or Arthur Symons or Kipling. But there's one thing I do say, I like the way Masters knocks prohibition every chance he gets." In the summer evenings he and I would ride on the Staten Island ferry to cool off and we'd sit near the boat rail and he'd talk of things—of a girl once,—oh, well, all I remember is

that she was a girl in the long ago who had given him a volume, the poems of John Donne, for a Christmas present and—married another fellow. But she was the dearest girl—and he'd describe her as looking like Mary Mannering in "Trelawney of the Wells" and he never could read "A Shropshire Lad" without thinking of her. And Howes carried pictures of little children in his bill-book and would show them and talk of them and of the homes of them. And it was all so much better to do New York that way with Silas Howes than to hit the high places with swifter folk. 'Came the news recently that he was suddenly dead. Well, his spirit may linger yet along the aisles at Brentano's, but many a booklover will miss his little, stooped, quizzical ancientness as he descanted with a queer, soft stammer of many books and their writers in response to the casual query, "Well, Silas, what's new?" He was dessicated only on the outside; he was all warm and tender within and he's ever mixed up in my mind somehow with what I've read about Noll Goldsmith and Charles Lamb.

♦♦♦♦

Care

By Jean Watson

"MISS ANDERSON next."

The bored occupants of the easy chairs in the waiting-room glanced up. A quick-moving, vivid-complexioned girl held the door open for a tired-looking, middle-aged woman, whom she followed into Dr. Curzon's office.

"That older woman's face looks familiar, somehow," said Mrs. Peyton Dewald to Mrs. Harris.

"She was a saleswoman for years at Blendon's," Mrs. Harris explained.

"Oh, yes; I remember now; at the embroidery counter. Isn't it strange how sometimes you come near speaking to such people, thinking you've met them somewhere?"

"I speak to the Andersons," said Mrs. Harris rather shortly, "I was talking to them just before you came in. Mrs. Anderson worked all these years and kept Daphne in school. Daphne specialized in physical culture. Now she's director at Rutherford's Seminary, and her mother has left the store."

"At Rutherford's! Really? She's done well."

"Yes; and she's doing well. My Mary Lu adores her. She's full of enthusiasm and she makes the children enjoy the work."

"Which is the patient here—the girl or her mother?"

"Daphne; her mother insisted on her coming, because she's had some dizzy spells. It's likely from eye-strain; everyone needs glasses these days. I told her she should have gone to an oculist."

✱

"Now take a deep breath, Miss Anderson."

Over the doctor's bent head, Daphne cast a half-amused, half-petulant glance at her mother. "How much time we're wasting," it said.

Dr. Curzon laid the stethoscope aside.

"Now, Miss Anderson," he began, "you must be careful."

"How careful?" she asked, laughing. "Must I diet?"

"No; eat normally; keep up your appetite. Walk, but not far at a time. Don't lift heavy things—it won't do with a leaking valve."

"Surely there's no leak in my heart," protested Daphne, whitening.

"Don't be frightened; it's slight, and if you're careful—many people live to old age with this trouble."

"You overtaxed your strength some time or other, Miss Anderson," he went on. "I believe in being frank; it puts it up to you, you know."

Daphne spoke after a moment in a painfully matter-of-fact tone.

"How much gymnasium work may I do, doctor?"

"Gymnasium work! Oh, I should say none of that. No, indeed, Miss Anderson—none."

The Superiority of our Apparel Store is
Well Defined by this Exceptional Sale of

Distinctive Suits and Coats

(Our Very Finest Garments)

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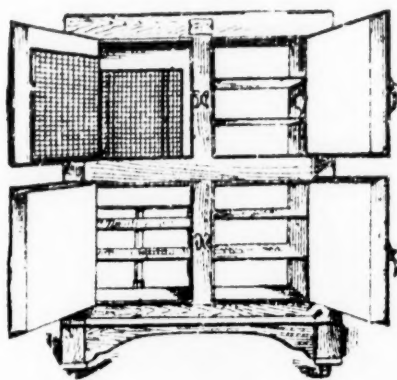
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Regular Prices

\$21.75, \$28.50, \$33.50, \$31.50, \$37.50, \$40.50, \$45.50

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Letters From the People

A Thrift Stamp Idea

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

It has been suggested that I send you the letter herewith. It may interest your readers as I hope it will interest Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo.

W. B. WALKER.

76 Fifth Avenue,

New York, April 2, 1918.

Hon. Wm. G. McAdoo,
Secretary of the Treasury,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:—There are hundreds of thousands of dollars spent every day in this country by commercial travelers and others for tips, in sums of twenty-five cents or more. Let these be given in the form of war savings stamps in whole or part.

I am doing this, have prevailed upon many others to do likewise and shall continue to urge the many travelers with whom I come into contact to "help win the war" in this way.

Were this method of giving tips generally adopted, not only would habits of thrift be generated among many who would probably never have bought a W. S. S., but patriotism would be fos-

tered and the country would soon be in possession of millions of dollars which it now needs.

May I commend this suggestion to your consideration? I am certain that it but needs that publicity which you can so readily give it to make it an important factor in the compassing of that end for which all Americans are so earnestly striving—the preservation of democracy as a saving force among the nations.

I may add that wherever I have tendered the suggestion, it has been hailed with acclaim and not infrequently put into immediate practice.

Loyally yours,

W. B. WALKER.

[Mr. Walker is the vice-president of Sam'l Gabriel Sons Company, New York. His suggestion is a good one.—*Editor the MIRROR.*]

✦

An Irish Republic

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

In the current number of *The Public* John Dillon is quoted as saying: "It is futile to discuss a possible Irish republic." Some months ago I saw a similar statement in the *MIRROR* made in the same axiomatic manner—no reason at all offered in either case. I am a good



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deal puzzled. To those who know the situation the statement may seem a self-evident proposition but it is certainly not as plain as that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to each other or that the whole is greater than any of its parts. Can you explain why an Irish republic seems "impossible?" I believe many of your readers would be interested in such explanation.

CELIA BALDWIN WHITEHEAD.

Denver, Colo., March 29, 1918.

[The impossibility of an Irish republic is premised upon the fact that there is no demand on the part of the vast majority of the Irish people for absolute independence. To say nothing of Ulster that does not even want home rule in strictly Irish affairs, the Irish, outside of Sinn Fein, want not much more than such control of Irish affairs as, let us say, an individual state has in the United States. The Nationalist idea is that Ireland shall be a member of a British federation, participating as a state, with

Canada, Australia, India and perhaps Egypt. That an Irish republic could be self-supporting is doubtful. That it would be harmonious is doubtful too. Ulster is enough to show that. Taking facts as they are, it is plain that England cannot set up an independent, hostile republic at her western door, that might become another Heligoland in possession of an enemy. For strategic reasons Great Britain cannot in the present status of the world consider giving up a barrier of defense. In a world that realizes President Wilson's vision an Irish republic might be set up and maintained, but in the present world could an Irish republic maintain itself militarily against enemies? Hardly. England would have to do it. It is a condition, not a theory that confronts both Ireland and England. Even under home rule it is proposed that England, or the empire, shall set Ireland on her feet financially, to make her a going concern. This is in brief the line of thought followed by those who say that an Irish republic

is impossible. Beyond that is the fact that for all of Irish hatred and discontent, the Irish are like the wife who will ballyrag and fight with her husband but will turn upon another person who takes up her quarrel and join her husband in basting the third party. The Irish have always been the best fighters for England when she's in a tight place. John Dillon's view is that of O'Connell, Isaac Butt, Parnell, Redmond. The Sinn Feiners who want an Irish republic are magnificent but not wise in their generation. They showed that in their Easter rising in 1916. They are splendid for agitation but futile for construction. The home rulers strive for what can be had. They want home rule, but they don't want to destroy England for some other power that will then take Ireland. An Irish republic is a practical impossibility, though, of course, not a metaphysical one.—*Editor of the MIRROR.*

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The Critic's Tragedy

New York, March 26, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

May I make a correction? A line was omitted from one quotation in my article on the work of Edwin Arlington Robinson, "A Sophisticated Mystic," and thereby it failed to make sense. In the quatrain:

"I say no more than I should say
Of any other one who sees
Too far for guidance of to-day,
Too near for the eternities."

the second line was left out. I wonder if you'd be willing to note the mistake of—was it the proof-reader or the make-up man?—in your next number? You see I happened to say that those lines were "finely self-revealing," and when they're so ruthlessly chopped up, my judgment suffers with 'em.

BABETTE DEUTSCH.

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What's the Value of a Dollar?

Meadville, Pa., April 1, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

Of course the value of a dollar changes dynamically with the conditions around it. It is just like the price of potatoes—it isn't stable by nature, for nature changes. "Chance and change are busy ever, man decays and ages move," and so does the value of all things transitorily human, even the value of an immaterial immortal thought. It does not matter whether you believe that the nature of value is quantitative as Mr. Anderson does not believe, or whether you believe it is qualitative as he evidently does believe, yet the fact remains that the value of any particular unit of value always has changed and always will change with changing conditions until we reach that final beatific state of fixity which nowhere exists. If Mr. White is hunting a stable money unit of value, he has "some hunt" ahead of him. You can measure the potatoes I spoke of with a bushel, but either love or value are hard nuts to shell. Who knows how much anything is worth anyway? There is no stable unit of value that won't change with conditions.

But, of course, we desire such a unit eagerly and the nearer we can approach it the better we can measure the meager dollars in our pockets. Mr. White of

Long Branch, who wrote in the *Easter MIRROR*, is right; someone should hunt something to use as a measuring stick that will not change its length any more than does the foot-ruler on my desk. Still I fear that he will not find it in any material substance in existence, gold not excluded. Nor will he find it anywhere except it be arbitrarily set by the common consent of an international government. Fiat money, you see. Money made just thus and so by the Central Board of Currency Control of the World State. But there is a difficulty—there is no world state.

Or let us measure "human effort" by taking its simplest unit, namely, "an unskilled labor hour," and issue certificates of value in terms of unskilled labor hours to be paid to those only who work. Then where does the trouble still come in? Don't you then have to measure the work of Mr. Thinker, Mr. Teacher, and Mr. Writer with the same unit that you measure that of Mr. Dig-a-Ditch? And it won't work. Whether there should be quality in the world or not, there at least is quality. Even Mr. Dig-a-Ditch may do better work during his unskilled labor hour than Mr. Take-a-Hold-of-the-Wrong-End. Or possibly he is stronger than Willie-Weak-Hand, who is indeed willing enough to do his quantity but cannot. No; a stable unit of value is a difficult thing to establish in a sinful world. However, let us work to approximate one as nearly as possible.

Very truly yours,

THOMAS R. MATHER.

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Nine Novels

Alexander Dumas' Revenge

The history of the kingdom of two Sicilies is undoubtedly the most complicated history that rests unread in our libraries. The overthrow of this Sicilian kingdom by the French and Lord Horatio Nelson's connection therewith is now, strangely enough, romanced about, for the first time in English, by Alexander Dumas, the elder. Brentano's of New York have brought out an English translation of the "Neapolitan Lovers." This yarn represents Dumas' revenge on King Ferdinand III of Naples, and his queen, through whose agencies Dumas' father, a general under the first empire, was brought to his death. The picture is drawn, doubtless, with accuracy and authenticity, for the novelist, as aide to Garibaldi, had access to the state papers of Naples. Of the King and Queen of the two Sicilies Dumas wrote in 1856: "Perhaps some day my filial vengeance will evoke these two blood-stained spectres, and force them to pose in naked hideousness before posterity; perhaps some day the assassins of Caracciolo and the mistress of Acton will account to me for the father's love that they snatched from me, when I was scarcely old enough to know what it was to have a father." Here we have Dumas' revenge. The chief interest, however, of the tale for an American and English public is no doubt in the story of Nelson and Lady Hamilton, and their connection with the events. But it is here, too, that the famous historical character, Fra Diavolo, enlivens the page. Yet Dumas has done far better

work than this book. On the whole the tale is unfinished and ineffective. As for revenge, one feels far more sympathy and interest, from Dumas' account, for poor King Ferdinand III, than loathing. Lovers of Dumas, however, will read "The Neapolitan Lovers" with pleasure.

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Mile-a-minute Fiction

"Charred Wood" by "Myles Muredach" (Reilly & Britton Company, Chicago), is a book of mystery and love. Its hero is a baron and its heroine a grand duchess and they hardly know it themselves. There are detectives and secret agents and affairs of international concern. There are railroad wrecks and hairbreadth 'scapes. There are love affairs and mistakes of identity. And of characters good and bad, there is good *Father Murray* who represents the Mother Church and symbolizes the author's debt of love and gratitude to Catholicism. The book reminds one of a certain type of moving picture that still, at times, holds the screen.

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Smile, Bless Ye, Smile

Do you ever grow weary of problem plays and sociological novels? Of essays upon the grave and serious problems of the day? Do you ever fall from grace, and want to be frivolous for a while? If you do, you had better read "How Could You, Jean?" by Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd (Doubleday, Page). To be sure, it has the same hackneyed plot—a rich girl suddenly poor, who must earn her living. But you'll never dream of the occupation this heroine took; nor can you imagine how her lover had to come wooing. Of course, all ends well. She becomes rich again. But do not read this book for story alone. There is a bubbling over of animal spirits on every page. It will not put much strain on the grey matter of your brain, but your atrophied smile muscles will surely revive through use, and you will be refreshed.

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Miss Sinclair's War Psychology

In "The Tree of Heaven" (Macmillan, New York) Miss May Sinclair writes to show how the war has crystallized the inherent though perhaps dormant excellencies of the English character and has converted the practically universal unrest into a firmly welded invincible national spirit. She centers her story on a family of the upper-middle class, comfortably wealthy, happy, congenial, and through the ramifying interests of the various members succeeds in depicting nearly every phase of economic and social conditions, omitting only the labor element. The average American who has never had the advantage of knowing the English in their own country must consider them a marvelous and peculiar people if he forms his conception of them through this book. Although the family of which she writes is ideal in its relations and mutual affection she implies that marriage is an irksome concession to a senseless convention. And though the parents are uncommonly wise and devoted, their children surpass them in general intelligence not only after they are grown but at the tender ages of five and nine. Moreover, at least two of the characters

are gifted with a species of second sight. The outbreak of the war finds them with diversified interests and occupations. The daughter is a militant suffragette, one son an inventor, another a poet just publishing a new book and anxious to fight with the Irish revolutionists, the father more than ever absorbed in his business of rare timbers; but at the call to arms all except one—aunts, uncles, cousin, friends—have a single idea—to serve the country. One by one they enter different branches of the service. The men die gloriously; the women suffer bravely. Miss Sinclair does not write of the physical deprivations of the war nor even of the agony of the soul. She conveys that these men die joyously and that somehow they live after death. Also, that the sacrifice of these young lives is as nothing to the moral gain of the nation. To one not English there is an exaggeration in the almost exultant calm with which the survivors bear their bereavements. But the book closes on a grim note as the father and his youngest son, the only remaining male members of the family, drive away to fill the places of the two sons who have fallen in battle.

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The Woman Pays

Stacy Aumonier's new novel "Just Outside" (Century Co., New York) is a book with a message—not too clearly expressed. The author is concerned with the prevalent social unrest, economic equality, square pegs endeavoring to fit into round holes. He sees things turned wrong-end-to and proposes several remedial theories, none of which, wisely, does he endeavor to carry on to its logical application. The basic wrong with the world as he finds it is "the old coveting the things of youth and wanting to destroy the young" and he concludes that "the only hope for the world is when the young shall rule it." Mr. Aumonier writes facetiously and entertainingly. His theories are either expounded or exemplified by his eight or ten characters, and whatever else may be said of Mr. Aumonier's ability as a writer or a reformer he certainly excels in character delineation. *Aunt Elizabeth*, for instance, who appears but seldom and briefly nevertheless looms clear as one of those kindly, inconsequential, motherly old women, incapable of making a decision for herself, eternally quoting "they." *Arthur Gaffyn*, the "hero," most unheroic in character and actions, diffident, vacillating, acutely feeling the needs for reform but unable to determine what or how, indulging his artistic temperament, dallying from painting to writing and reaping the profit of another's patience, is a fine foil for his wife, *Edith*, who is the real person of the book. The widow of a man who cared nothing for her, she is always cheerful but never disagreeably so though sometimes a little too efficient, unselfish, thoughtful for the comfort of others, brilliant, beautiful. When *Arthur* has spent his patrimony and failed both as artist and business man, she marries him, inspires him to write, and unobtrusively secures a reading for his play. His success is due indirectly to her. Yet for all her good deeds, when she reaches the age of fifty she is rewarded with desertion and loneliness. That she was older than *Arthur* is the author's only jus-

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tification, and justify it he does. *Arthur* had fallen in love with a younger woman, and the last note in the book is that "the only conceivable world-calamity is that humanity should lose the faculty to fall in love."

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The Man-Hater's Inning

No woman who is a man-hater should read "Eastern Red" by Helen Hunting-ton (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York), because it would surely make her more one than ever. It is an extremely feminist piece of fiction which depicts the marital discontent of two New York women; of *Elsie Harcourt*, a social leader, and *Rose Durand*, a music-hall singer. The dissatisfaction of these wives is not economic, since one has wealth, while the other is self-supporting. Nor are their husbands altogether intolerable. But it is a psychological difficulty which besets *Elsie* and *Rose*. The matter is, both are intellectually "emancipated," yet emotionally and instinctively each reverts to the more traditional feminine type. Between these fires *Elsie* and *Rose* are burned. They are "women of to-day, as victims, ground between standards of the past and standards of the future."—"We want to belong to ourselves," says *Rose*, as spokesman for her sex. And yet it is hardly more

than a psychological impediment which stands in her way, as in *Elsie's*, to keep her from realization of this desire. One sympathizes with *Louis*, the husband of *Rose*, who asks, "Look a' here, what have those women got to complain of, really?" And yet the torture suffered by *Elsie* and *Rose* is none the less acute and actual because self-inflicted. And without doubt the kind of conflict within them is representative of one experience by thousands of new-fledged feminists to-day. For the rest, "Eastern Red" is a decidedly well-written novel. The author goes straight to the point at all times in the exposition of her thesis, and still the story has flesh and blood as well as skin and bones. It contains some particularly sharp yet may be merited criticisms of New York life, and that of the United States as a whole.

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Felicity, Inquire Within

Thousands of hearts will again welcome the new stories of the Kentucky mountains by John Fox, Jr., "In Happy Valley" (Scribner's), who after a four-year interval has again made Happy Valley and St. Hilda's the centers of tragedy and comedy. Always as real people his characters stand out in their amusing or pathetic lives, and in this latest addition of new characters the

author has not lost the poignant touch with which from the beginning he has painted the southern mountains and their phlegmatic inhabitants.

Allaphair, *Christopher*, *Parson Small*, the *Angel*, the *Pope*, the *Marquise of Queensberry*, and the *Goddess* play their parts in the valley of rhododendron. Sometimes pathetic, sometimes amusing, they never cease to be real people of the mountains. Mr. Fox has the power of producing a lasting character in a few pages, and Juno, the Goddess of Happy Valley is as sympathetic and well-drawn character as *Mavis*, the mountain heroine of "The Heart of the Hills." This added book will receive a wide welcome, not only among those already familiar with the author's treatment of the southern mountaineer, but also among new readers whom this book will introduce to that literature of southern romance which Mr. Fox has so enriched.

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Happy Hack Work

"The Girl from Keller's" by Harold Bindloss (Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York) is a wholly decent, sensible sort of story, with scenes laid in Saskatchewan. There *Sadie Keller*, the young woman whom the title denotes, marries *Charnock*, a weak fellow of attractive

faults, and sets herself the task of regenerating him to a more admirable manhood by making him work on her farm. *Sadie*, with her rough directness and determination, is an interesting character, very plausible as belonging to the life of the Canadian plains. The author, however, causes her to talk too much like the other main characters of the tale, who are described as persons of advantages superior to hers. In fact, the story throughout is written in a mere, undeviatingly workaday manner as regards expression, though there is sufficient differentiation and development as regards idea. "The Girl from Keller's" is hackwork of the clean-minded, higher kind.

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Lachrymosity

In "Benefits Forgot," Honoré Willis indulges in a rather overdrawn and unsuccessful bit of moralizing, in which a grim Methodist circuit-rider kills in his son all sense of reverence and gratitude, to have it awakened again years later by Abraham Lincoln. The sentimental reader will enjoy the tears she (or he) sheds over it. (Stokes, N. Y.)

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Rare Art at Low Prices

Last Monday, April 1, the Dietrich Art Galleries on North Tenth street inaugurated a sale of one hundred valuable paintings which is unique in the art annals of St. Louis. The prices set upon these canvases range from fifty to eighteen hundred dollars and on each day of the sale—which is to continue until April 21—a five per cent discount will be made. This means that on the last day of the sale any picture then in stock will be sold at ten per cent of the marked price. To insure that the pictures will absolutely be sold, visitors to the galleries are invited to make bids under the catalog price or under the discount price and at the conclusion of the sale the picture will be awarded to the highest bidder. Catalogs containing full particulars of the sale will be mailed to anyone upon request, and out of town patrons will be given the same consideration as local visitors. The canvases are the work of famous American, English, French, Italian, French and Dutch painters—landscapes, seascapes, portraits, pastorals—and range in size from the very small to the very large. All are artistically framed.

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Rev. Charlesworthy was making his periodic family call, and while waiting for the lady of the house to appear in the parlor started a conversation with the little girl. "What is that, my little dear?" he asked. "My apron," replied "Little Dear." "I've goin' to put it in the wash. Mamma got it all dirty." "She did?" "Yes, sir; she took it up just now to dust the Bible."

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With the easy grace of those who are accustomed by long habit two persons swung and swayed upon the street-car. As they chatted pleasantly a man sitting near arose and offered his seat to a lady. And then one of the original two commented to his neighbor: "I've been riding on this line for eight years," he said, "and I have never given up my seat to a lady." "Then you have never had any manners," snubbed the friend, severely. "Not so," answered the first. "I have never had any seat."

Coming Shows

"Daddy Long Legs," Jean Webster's charming comedy with its orphan heroine and its orphan asylum background, will be presented at the American next week under the personal direction of Henry Miller. Ever since it was staged three years ago this play has drawn to capacity houses in the big cities of this country, Canada, England and Australia. It is now being presented by two companies in the English provinces and one in America. Needless to say the company which will appear at the American is a first class one.

The New York Winter Garden "Passing Show of 1917" is the attraction billed for the Jefferson next week, with matinees Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. In scenic surprises, song hits and costuming splendors this show is advertised to put all prior achievements in the discard. Also in the extraordinary collection of stage celebrities, which includes De Wolf Hopper, Irene Franklin, Burton Green, Charles (Chic) Sale, Johnny Dooley, Henry Bergman, Mildred Elaine, George Schiller, Rosie Quinn, Emily Miles and Bess Hoban.

The Shubert-Garrick will continue "The Man Who Stayed at Home," the celebrated spy play which has packed that theatre all this week. The action of the piece is fast and interest is maintained to the final dramatic moment, when the man who stayed at home from war unmasks the persons who have been plotting the ruin of the transports carrying American soldiers to France. This is a revised version of "The White Feather" staged in London three years ago; the company is the original all English one and, with two exceptions, the creators of the various roles.

Eddie Foy and all the little Foyes will lead the Orpheum bill next week in a skit by George V. Hobart and "Bugs" Beer called "Slumwhere in New York." On the same bill will be Nannette, the fascinating Gypsy violinist; Harry Green and company in "The Cherry Tree;" Keller Mack and Annie Earl in a "Letter of Introduction;" Frank Crumit, the one man glee club; the Kanazawa boys, equilibrists; Lolotte, the skating bear; Lydell and Higgins; and the Orpheum Travel Weekly.

"Ten Nights in a Bar-Room," the great temperance play which has been popular ever since its first production in 1858, will be revived at the Imperial next week. Joe Morgan will live again. Simon Slade will come to life, the little girl will cry "Father, dear father, come home with me now," and the walls will again ring with violent denunciations of the saloon. The management promises an exceptionally good cast.

Among the sterling entertainers on the Columbia programme next week will be the Sorrento Quintette, who will offer "A Neapolitan Fantasy," Frank Bush, the American story teller, and the Four Pierrots will appear in a comedy novelty surprise. The programme will also include Merle's cockatoos; Barnes and Robinson, two tuneful tots; the Brads; Mahoney and Rogers in "A Seashore Flirtation;" Payne Duo in "The Spirit of Youth;" the skating Venuses; the Judge Brown stories, Christie's comedies and the New Gaumont Weekly.

The Princess Kalama will head the bill at the Grand Opera House next week; assisted by William Kao she will present "A Hawaiian Night's Entertainment." Other acts will be Fern and Richelieu, athletes; Charles Wilson, known as "the loose nut;" Eddie and

Edyth Adair in "The Boot Shop;" the aerial Bartletts; Story and Clark, songs and instrumental music; the Zyllo Maids, dainty musicians; and the Universal Weekly with comedy pictures.

The Standard will present the Hello Girls next week in a merry melange in two parts called "The Duke's Mixture." It is full of rapid-fire comedy, jingling musical numbers and pretty ensemble dances. The stellar comedy role is in the hands of that excellent entertainer, Lew Golden, and many burlesque novelties will be introduced.

Drew and Campbell's Liberty Girls company will present a musical burlesque in two acts, "Reilly and the Seminary Girls" at the Gayety next week. Jack Conway, Irish comedian, will hold the center of the stage; he will be supported by Charlotte Worth, prima donna; Barry Melten, an attractive comedienne; Hilda Giles, sprightly soubrette; Mac Perman, ingenue; James Collins, straight man; Brad Sutton, character; Frank Martins, juvenile; Dick Morgan, eccentric; and a chorus other parts will be in able hands.

On Sunday evening, April 14, the Milwaukee German players will present Jacobi's "The Riddle Woman" at the Victoria theatre. Franz Kirchner will take the leading male role and the other parts will be in able hands.

Cinderella

Fifty of the cleverest child actors in St. Louis have been assembled for a children's production of "Cinderella" at the Victoria theatre, Tuesday evening, April 16, the proceeds to go to the Junior Red Cross, of which each actor is a member. Miss Lottie Forbes, who made a success in a Red Cross novelty at Forest Park Highlands last summer, will produce and direct the play. In addition to the familiar text of "Cinderella" many song numbers and novelty features will be introduced in the beautiful court scene where Prince Charming falls in love with the scullery maid and Cinderella loses her slipper. An elaborate scenic investiture has been constructed, some of it being the handsome settings used in the United Railways hall last Christmas. Tickets are now on sale at Kieselhorst's.

"Art and Opportunity"

At the Victoria theatre on the evening of April 10, Harold Chapin's brilliant comedy "Art and Opportunity" will be presented under the auspices of the social and dramatic organization known as The Players. The performance will be produced with a splendid scenic equipment and by a company of distinguished talent. Among the output of the ultra-modern school of the intimate drama this play stands forth conspicuous as an example of exquisite craftsmanship. Mr. Chapin's work has been enthusiastically approved by the critics of highest authority, in both London and New York. The Players are making this presentation the crown and cap-sheaf of this season. They hope to attract to the Victoria theatre on the evening of the performance the largest and most intelligent audience ever gathered in that beautiful playhouse. Tickets for the affair may be secured at Kieselhorst's ticket office, 1007 Olive street.

He had long known that the army was no place for him. Therefore it was no surprise to him when the colonel remarked: "You're a thorough bad egg; your conduct's outrageous. How you ever came to be an officer I don't know." "No, sir. If it hadn't been for this beastly war I should have been in Holy Orders long ago," replied the culprit.

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Since we have found that many people who appreciate artistic things are under the impression that really fine works of art are prohibitively high priced, we extend a very earnest invitation to such people to visit our galleries during this sale, where a few moments' inspection of the exhibit will make it evident that good canvases can be secured at astonishingly low prices. The collection is most conveniently arranged and may be viewed at your convenience. You will not be interrupted or disturbed by salesmen.

THE PLAN OF THE SALE.

The sale opens **Monday, April 1, 1918, at 9 a. m.** The paintings will be offered at the catalog price for one day. Should you care to purchase any picture in the collection at less than the catalog price, we will place your bid on our record book; if, during the second week, with the daily 5 per cent reduction in force, the reduced price equals your bid, we will award you the picture at your price offered. Should another patron place a higher bid than yours, it will be recorded, and you will be notified. If you wish you can again bid higher than the second bidder. Each bidder must leave his name, address and telephone number, and we will immediately inform any patron whose bid is raised, who placed the bid higher. We insist upon this arrangement in order that our patrons may be satisfied that no spurious bids are made or false competition practiced.

On **Tuesday, April 2**, there will be a 10 per cent reduction on all works unsold. Starting **Wednesday, April 3**, all works unsold will be reduced daily (except Sundays) 5 per cent below catalog prices. For example, picture No. 92, priced in our catalog at \$100.00, if still unsold after the first day, will be reduced 10 per cent, to \$90.00, on Tuesday, April 2. On Wednesday, if still unsold, there will be a further reduction of 5 per cent, to \$85.00. Thursday there will be another reduction of 5 per cent, to \$80.00, and so on until it is sold.

| | |
|--|----------|
| April 1—Monday, it is for sale at..... | \$100.00 |
| April 2—Tuesday, it is for sale at 10% off..... | 90.00 |
| April 3—Wednesday, it is for sale at 15% off..... | 85.00 |
| April 4—Thursday, it is for sale at 20% off..... | 80.00 |
| April 5—Friday, it is for sale at 25% off..... | 75.00 |
| April 6—Saturday, it is for sale at 30% off..... | 70.00 |
| April 8—Monday, it is for sale at 35% off..... | 65.00 |
| April 9—Tuesday, it is for sale at 40% off..... | 60.00 |
| April 10—Wednesday, it is for sale at 45% off..... | 55.00 |
| April 11—Thursday, it is for sale at 50% off..... | 50.00 |
| April 12—Friday, it is for sale at 55% off..... | 45.00 |
| April 13—Saturday, it is for sale at 60% off..... | 40.00 |
| April 15—Monday, it is for sale at 65% off..... | 35.00 |
| April 16—Tuesday, it is for sale at 70% off..... | 30.00 |
| April 17—Wednesday, it is for sale at 75% off..... | 25.00 |
| April 18—Thursday, it is for sale at 80% off..... | 20.00 |
| April 19—Friday, it is for sale at 85% off..... | 15.00 |
| April 20—Saturday, it is for sale at 90% off..... | 10.00 |

As an evidence of good faith a deposit must be made by each bidder. If the picture is sold to a higher bidder the deposit will be refunded. All works must be paid for when purchased, or some satisfactory settlement assured. Pictures purchased must be removed at the expense of the purchaser.

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Marts and Money

These are pretty dull days on the New York stock exchange. Trading is of almost diminutive proportions, and prices move within narrow confines in practically all important, mobile instances. The regnant folks pursue a cautious, temporizing policy. They are waiting for encouraging information from Artois and Picardy, though absolutely certain that Germany's puissant efforts will soon be completely thwarted. Dispatches of a vaguely promising cast are instantaneously reflected in upward movements of one or two points in the prices of leading issues, such as Anaconda Copper, Reading, Union Pacific, and United States Steel. The buying is mainly for short account, however. For this reason, the little bulges disappear as soon as sizable blocks are offered by traders who buy on the "dips" for a little turn, as they col-

loquially express it on the exchange. Comprehensively speaking, quotations show remarkable firmness, despite recurrent bad sinking spells in three or four quarters, where liquidation is prompted by special developments or apprehensions of one sort or another. Determined bear operations are not fashionable at present; they are taboo, in fact. A few days ago, a prominent member of the board openly declared that "all sellers for short account should be hanged" in prevailing circumstances along the battle lines. It is borne in upon thoughtful minds that the times and outlook call for concerted endeavors to support prices, so that borrowing capacity may not be gravely imperilled through extensive shrinkage in the values of great industrial, railroad and mining properties represented, on the country's stock exchanges. Obviously, all this makes for a slackening of the market's pendulum, and stimulates the

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disposition to purchase only on reactions. The situation is more or less fictitious. That's plain enough, even though it may be admitted that current quotations are at levels, in most cases, where the danger of disastrous losses is not at all serious. Restrictive influences must be ascribed also to the coming third Liberty loan, the interest rate on which is fixed at 4½ per cent. The total amount to be floated is \$3,000,000,000; the conversion privilege is not attached to it. The financial interests feel much pleased over the official announcement that there will be no additional bond issues before the autumn months. It is understood, of course, that supplementary funds will be secured through sales of certificates and thrift stamps, authorization of which has already been asked of congress. Financiers feel agreeably surprised that the secretary of the treasury did not find it necessary to advance the interest rate to 4½ per cent, although the percentage on loans to allied governments has been raised to 5 per cent. They find comfort also in intimations that Mr. McAdoo and his advisers are confident that there will be no cause for establishing a 4½ per cent rate, no matter how long the war may last. Owners of railroad stocks feel rather disgusted on account of the perverse market for their certificates. In the face of a governmental guarantee of interest and dividends, quotations cannot maintain the occasional rallies, which in some cases amount to two or three points. Some important parties are in the habit of "feeding out" their railroad shares at favorable opportunities. The instability in this department, lately, was emphasized by reports that the director-general had laid down severely constrictive rules as to expenditures for new construction, and ordered that there must be no increases in dividend rates that have been in effect during the three-year period. There appears to be considerable obscurity as to the real official attitude concerning railroad expenditures and dividends, according to Wall street opinion. Clear and concise details must therefore be regarded as very desirable, especially so since it is a forthstanding desideratum that railroad securities be safeguarded as much as possible against further sharp losses in quoted values. The 1917 statement of the Western Union Telegraph Co. proved strikingly good. Gross operating revenues totalled \$76,995,511, against \$61,919,141 for 1916; net operating revenues \$14,212,504, against \$13,191,219; total income \$15,697,216, against \$14,893,680; net income \$11,715,366, against \$13,561,830, and the final surplus, after dividends, \$4,680,342, against \$7,577,263. The aggregate of operating expenditures disclosed an expansion of approximately \$14,000,000, while special deductions amounted to \$2,650,000. The company's report states that government traffic has largely increased. The rate on it is only 40 per cent of commercial tolls, an arbitrary figure fixed by a former postmaster-general, which, as the report indicates, is decidedly below cost of service. The aggregate of business done for the government, if computed at regular rates, would be about \$7,500,000 per annum; the government pays only \$3,000,000 for it. In spite of this and some other disadvantageous factors, the

company is in strong financial condition, and has found it possible to increase its dividend rate on \$99,786,727 capital stock outstanding from 6 to 7 per cent. The present management has been singularly successful in its process of upbuilding. Earnings have steadily grown as a result of various clever, broad-minded innovations. In 1913 the dividend rate was only 3 per cent. In 1908, the price of the stock was down to 41. It is 92 at present, after an advance to 105½ in 1916. There is indubitable force in Wall street's current belief that intrinsically Western Union is worth more than American Telephone & Telegraph, now quoted at 99¾. Some fifteen years back the latter stock was up to 186, with the dividend rate 7½ to 7¾ per cent. Eight per cent has been paid since 1908. In recent years the excess surplus after dividends has materially declined, so much so that a reduction in the dividend rate cannot be considered altogether improbable. The bond market has lately shown noteworthy activity in liberty issues, the prices for which rose sharply, owing to optimistic talk respecting the third loan and further financing. The subsequent decline was quite unimportant, and testified to a firmer attitude among capitalistic holders. Weak features were French municipal issues. The price of Paris 6s, for example, fell to 83. This compares with 89½ on January 31, but still implies an appreciation of about ten points when compared with the lowest level in 1917, which was 73. The original New York issue price was 98. The immediate cause for the latest break in French municipals lies on the surface. The quotation for Anglo-French 5s remains firm at or close to the previous level of 90. They could be bought at 81½ some months ago. The present value indicates a loss of a little over eight points when contrasted with the first selling price in 1915. Quotations for choice railroad securities show no changes of real importance. The small variations suggest an almost complete cessation of selling for the account of foreign investors. We are not likely to err if we hold the opinion that the bulk of pre-war holdings in European countries has been transferred to the United States at prices considerably below those originally paid for by foreign purchasers. There is sufficient reason, therefore, for feeling gratified at the repatriation of bonds the aggregate amount of which cannot be less than \$3,000,000,000. Since 1912 there have been resold to us also large holdings of railroad, industrial and mining stocks, of a total par value of probably \$2,600,000,000. This is another item calculated to fortify our faith in the financial and commercial future of our nation. It must be taken in connection with the enormous amount of gold shipped to our shores since October, 1914. We are, indisputably, the principal creditor nation of the world at the present day, and will doubtless remain in this proud and enviable position for several generations, if not permanently. The British government let it be known a few days since that it does not longer propose to pay the interest on defaulted bonds of Russia owned by British subjects. The weekly report of the Bank of England discloses a reserve ratio of 17¼ per cent, against 18½ in the previous week. In the first week

of the war, the record was 15 per cent. Outside of the marked irregularity in the fluctuations of drafts on Rome, the foreign exchange department has shown no striking movements in the last few days. The rate on Paris is unchanged, notwithstanding the unprecedented struggle within fifty-seven miles of that city. Its astonishing inflexibility comports fitly with the defiant fortitude of M. Clemenceau, the "Tiger of France."

Finance in St. Louis

They did a fairly good business on the local bourse. Demand showed considerable diversification, and prices continued firm in the majority of prominent cases. United Railways preferred was again in brisk and large demand. More than six hundred shares were absorbed at 21.50 to 24. The latter figure is only two points under the best level of 1917. Of the 4 per cent bonds, \$18,000 were sold at 55 to 55.25. The high notch in 1917 was 66½. Laclede Gas first 5s were transferred at 97.50, \$15,000 in all changing hands. The quotation named denotes no change of consequence.



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Twenty-five Brown Shoe common brought 64 to 65. There is \$6,000,000 of this stock outstanding, on which the yearly dividend is \$6. The maximum in 1917 was 74, the minimum 59½. Seven per cent is paid on the \$3,700,000 preferred. National Candy common displayed decided firmness in value, with sales aggregating over seven hundred shares. Sales were effected at 38 to 38.87½. Ten of the 7 per cent second preferred were sold at 88.75. Fifty shares of Certain-teed first preferred brought 90, and thirty of the common 41.25. Twenty International Shoe common were taken at 101, and thirty Hamilton-Brown Shoe at 125.50. The banking group remains quiescent. Two shares of Mechanics-American brought 244, and another lot of two shares 250. The latter figure is within a half point of last year's top mark. There is, as a rule, very little of this stock offering at any time. The dividend is \$12 per annum. Fifteen shares of Mortgage Trust were sold at 130 to 140. The stock gets \$5.

Latest Quotations

| | Bid. | Asked. |
|-----------------------|------|--------|
| Nat. Bank of Commerce | 114½ | |
| State National Bank | | 190 |
| Third National Bank | 235 | |
| Title Guaranty Trust | | 85 |
| Mortgage Trust | 135 | |
| Mortgage Guarantee | 125 | |
| United Railways pfd. | 22½ | 23 |
| do 48 | 56¼ | 56½ |
| St. L. & Sub. 1st 5s | 62 | |
| Fulton Iron com. | 45 | 46 |
| Certain-teed 1st pfd | 89 | 90 |
| Rice-Stix 2d pfd | 97½ | 97¾ |
| Ely & Walker com. | 101½ | 105½ |
| do 1st pfd | 103½ | |
| do 2d pfd | | 84 |
| Int. Shoe com. | 99 | |
| Brown Shoe com. | 64½ | 65½ |
| Granite-Bimetallie | 38¾ | 42½ |
| Hamilton-Brown | 125½ | |
| Ind. Brew. 6s | | 40 |
| National Candy com. | 38½ | 38¾ |
| Wagner Electric | 149 | 155 |
| Rocky Mt. com. | 37¾ | 38 |

Answers to Inquiries

DOUBTFUL, St. Louis.—Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis (Big Four) common is not a tempting purchase at present, except for people who are accustomed to holding for two or three years on the theory that soon or late a big rise in the general list must cause an appreciation of twenty or more points also in the values of stocks of inferior standing. Big Four common is not in the active group. It moves, as a rule, when a clique of jugglers is deeply involved in its fortunes. Holders have received no dividend cheques since the end of 1910. In that year 4 per cent was paid. Something like 3 per cent could be paid under existing conditions, the surplus amounting to about \$5,600,000, after the 5 per cent on the preferred. There's little possibility that dividends will be paid during the period of federal control. Twelve years ago the quotation was as high as 109½.

INVESTOR, Salt Lake City, Utah.—Although the Inspiration Copper Co. has declared the regular quarterly rate of \$2, it would be hazardous to buy the stock on the assumption that no cut will be ordered in 1918. It is significant that the value advanced only one point on the announcement. There would be good reason for expecting indefinite maintenance of the \$8 rate per annum if the government sanctioned a price of 25 or 26 a pound for the metal. The stock is a good speculation—not a safe investment.

T. K. Y., Leavenworth, Kans.—National Lead preferred is a meritorious

investment. That it is closely held and highly esteemed is sufficiently indicated by the quoted price of 107, implying a net yield of only 6½ per cent. It has not been active for years. The fluctuation in value amounted to not more than fifteen points in 1917, and to only six points in 1916. You would be able to buy below 90 solely in the event of demoralization in the entire market.

READER, Batesville, Ark.—The common stock of the International Nickel Co. seems a desirable speculation at the current price of 28½. Holders receive 4 per cent on each share of \$25 par value every three months, equal to \$4 per year. While the stock has not been very active in recent months, it may or should become an interesting feature of the market after institution of peace parleys. The present dividend rate can easily be maintained. For the nine months ended December 30, 1917, the surplus was \$1,586,757, after payment of 11 per cent on the common stock. If a reduction to 3 per cent is ordered, it will be on account of growing war taxation. In 1916 the price of the common was up to 57½.

M. W. McD., Albany, N. Y.—Colorado Industrial first 5 per cent bonds are not a high-grade investment, though guaranteed, principal and interest, by the Colorado Fuel & Iron Co., whose own general 5s are selling at 84, against a maximum of 97½ in 1917. They look reasonably valued, however, and should suit your purposes if you attach more

importance to a good yield than to a high degree of safety.

DOCTOR, Fond du Lac, Wis.—The quotation for International Harvester Co. of New Jersey common is not likely to decline very seriously before peace negotiations. A great deal was discounted during the drop from 126¾ in 1916 to 100¾ in 1917. The present quotation of 109 cannot be said to represent overvaluation if it is borne in mind that the company is earning a large surplus after dividends, and that its total surplus exceeds \$35,000,000. The yearly dividend rate has recently been raised from 5 to 7 per cent. The company's foreign properties, including the big plant in Germany, will continue doing a flourishing business after the close of the war. You need not hesitate to buy the stock, in case of a drop of seven or eight points, with the intention of holding for a few years.

♦♦♦

She—Suppose I didn't dress as well as I do now, would you love me just the same?

Her Fiance—Certainly, dear. Why, that's as much as to say that I won't care for you after we are married.—*Boston Transcript.*

♦♦♦

When passing behind a street car, look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

Do You Need a Will?

If you were to die without one, the State would appoint someone to settle your estate and compel him to distribute your property according to certain fixed rules. Do you know what this distribution would be?

Are you quite satisfied with the portions of your estate that various relatives would get?

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were not living together. A fire de-
stroyed their home. The insurance com-
pany was resisting the payment of the
policy of insurance thereon. The hus-
band, on cross-examination, was asked
by the lawyer for the insurance com-
pany if he and his wife were not sepa-
rated. He replied: "Not financially."

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ment, circulation, etc., required by the
Act of Congress of August 24, 1912,
of Reedy's Mirror, published weekly at
St. Louis, Mo.:

Publisher: William Marion Reedy,
1409 Syndicate Trust Bldg., St. Louis,
Mo.

Editor: William Marion Reedy, 1409
Syndicate Trust Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Business Manager: J. J. Sullivan,
1409 Syndicate Trust Bldg., St. Louis,
Mo.

Owner: William Marion Reedy, 1409
Syndicate Trust Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.
Known bondholders, mortgagees and
other security holders: None.

WILLIAM MARION REEDY,
Sworn to and subscribed before me
this 29th day of March, 1918,

MARIE GERST,
Notary Public,
City of St. Louis, Mo.

My commission expires March 10, 1923.

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